The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1931 NUMBER 885

Contents

The Week 1

Editorials

Pax Gallica 3
Mr. Justice Brandeis 4
As to Railway Wages 6

General Articles

Germany in Fear.....Bruce Bliven 7
Golden Outline (verse).....Winifred Welles 8
West and East .....Stuart Chase 9
The "New Era": Its Rise and Fall: II .....
.....Matthew Josephson 10
Manhattan Melody .....Malcolm Cowley 14
Washington Notes .....T. R. B. 17
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.....Stark Young 19

Correspondence 20

Reviews of Books

Arthur Schnitzler.....Harry Slochower 22
Toward the Millennium.....Percy H. Boynton 23
Poet's Progress .....Granville Hicks 23
Scant Tether .....Murray Godwin 24
The Pathology of War .....Winchell Taylor 25
Where the Blues Begin .....Robert M. Coates 25
Book Notes 26

The Week

SPECULATORS have been busy exploiting the rise in prices of silver, wheat, copper and rubber. Is this the turn of commodity prices which has long been awaited as the first evidence of business recovery? Nobody can surely say, until more time has elapsed. In so far as the speculators have been playing on the possibility of war in the Far East, the upward movement will end if war does not come. There are reasons for believing that even existing conditions of demand and supply do not justify such low prices of grains as have prevailed. In the case of cotton, the surplus overhanging the markets is not likely to be greatly reduced by any activity of the spinners now in prospect. While it is quite possible that commodity prices have touched bottom and have rebounded to levels which may be maintained, only a rash prophet would venture to predict that these new levels assure the return of prosperity. The sympathetic upswing of bonds likewise moderates, but does not remove, the rigors of deflation. Panic, it seems, has at least temporarily evaporated. But all this provides no assurance that the world will go on steadily to full production and consumption. A depression of this sort may evince numerous minor recoveries and setbacks before anything like good times return.

THE situation in Manchuria has grown rapidly worse. Japanese troops have been engaged in heavy fighting along the Nonni River, close by the Russian-controlled Chinese Eastern Railroad; there can no longer be doubt that the irresponsible Japanese High Command is ready to force a conflict with Soviet Russia. According to military experts, Russia is completely unprepared. The Japanese army could seize Vladivostok at will, and sweep westward through Siberia as far as Lake Baikal before the Soviets would be able to offer effective resistance. The great Japanese merchants' associations and banking interests are violently opposed to a policy of adventure, and are engaged in a grim struggle with the Japanese military clans for control of the government. The merchant class, in 1928, was successful in ousting the bellicose Baron Tanaka; it may be that they will be successful this time in forcing out Home Minister Adachi, chief war-monger in the present Japanese Cabinet. It seems certain that the League Council will now proceed to stronger measures; China may at last be permitted to invoke Article XV of the Covenant, by which it is mandatory for the League to investigate and render a decision. All talk, however, of a League economic boycott against Japan, in which the United States would be invited to join, is considered premature. Under the Covenant, Japan cannot be adjudged an aggressor nation, nor can any sanctions be applied against it, for at least three months after Article XV is invoked. Perhaps the most hopeful factor in the situation is the rapid approach of winter weather in Manchuria. Once the November rains begin, further military action on any large scale, by Japanese, Chinese or Russians, will be exceedingly difficult.

THE new set-up of the President's Committee on Unemployment Relief has been functioning for some time now, under Walter S. Gifford; and a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fairly clear picture of its mentality is given through the "recommendations" issued recently by one of its sub-sub-committees. If anyone hoped that tangible measures were to come out of this collection of master minds, he may as well abandon his illusions. Once more the President's Committee exhorts and appeals to the American public to stop hoarding, to resume normal buying, to provide made work for the idle. The bankers are exhorted to give credit more liberally—though no one ever believed they were long on sentiment; employers are exhorted to spread work by placing more men on part time (how these unfortunates are to resume normal buying is unexplained). Little or nothing is said of national public works; nothing is said of concrete measures to equip labor for industrial depressions by the method of insurance, just as corporations insure themselves through large reserves of cash. Admitting that it has only temporary relief in view, the Committee, in its appeals, seems both touching and sentimental. There is nothing wrong with these estimable gentlemen except the mentality which leads them, in their public actions, to depend on such prayers and vague moral appeals as they would never countenance in the sales departments of their own businesses.

THERE are good reasons why the charity crusades now going on throughout the country are being whipped up to a pitch of fever unknown since the Liberty Loan drives of 1917-1918. For one thing, it is feared that the sums raised through private contributions may not be enough; the system of private charity may break down under the strain, although none of the members of Mr. Hoover's official family would admit such a possibility. Upon such matters it is important to listen to a person like Senator Borah, who has lately been more blunt and outspoken than anyone else, and this at a time when many of our public men are deliberately indulging in wish-thinking. Senator Borah stated last week that in many communities the money available for relief work will be exhausted long before the winter is over. Foreseeing failure of the present nationwide drive to collect funds, he predicted that Congress would take action. "It is the duty of the federal government," he said, "to do its share in an emergency of this kind, and to help the committees, the cities and municipalities." Senator La Follette and his group, who may hold the balance of power in the next Congress, intend to introduce a bill providing a large federal appropriation for the unemployed. The administration may be unable to stave off relief measures. This is the exigency which our industrialists fear most and which makes them more emotional than ever in their appeals to the public.

THOSE who remember the "national business survey" conferences called by Mr. Hoover in November, 1929, described in the article by Matthew have often wondered what became of the plans which were announced at the time. The government was to launch a vast public-works program, while business, public-utility and railroad heads promised to coöperate by spending freely on construction during all of 1930. The truth is beginning to leak out, after nearly two years, that capitalism never gave the plan a fair trial. At Washington, no one has been able to get at the complete figures on public works, but the amount of expansion above normal construction expenditures is much less than the administration would have us think. Some weeks ago the head of the great Santa Fe railroad admitted that the rebuilding program promised by his company for 1930 had been halted after a few months. As for heavy industry, James A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation, has now come out roundly with the admission that its promises were not kept. Appearing before the Senate Committee on Manufactures, to testify on the question of a national economic council, Mr. Farrell, according to The New York Herald Tribune for October 30, 1931,

> drew from a pocket a memorandum of proceedings of the national business-survey conference called after the 1929 deflation at the instance of the President. Industries were asked to spend freely on construction. Mr. Farrell recalled some of the estimates presented at that time of expenditures which would be made by different industries and made it plain that estimates had not been realized.

The incident is profoundly important. It does not illustrate, as Mr. Farrell intended it to do, that advance planning is impossible; it illustrates that planning is terribly necessary.

WHEN Henry Ford announced at the end of last month that he was reducing minimum wages in his factories from $7 to $6 a day, the affair was not glorified in newspaper headlines; indeed, it received none of the blaze of publicity given to his announcement in the opposite sense two years ago: that he was raising wages in the face of the Wall Street panic. Nevertheless, the Ford wage cut is a dramatic, a profoundly important, economic event. The outstanding advocate of the economy of high wages has beaten a retreat. Whatever the strategic reasons given, he has treated his promises to labor as so many scraps of paper. And so long as labor is wholly unorganized in key industries such as motors, steel, rubber and oil, there is nothing to check the power of a few men to lower the living standards of hundreds of thousands or millions of human beings. It is true that our great industrialists are abandoning the principle of the economy of high wages, to which they did only lip-service: this is natural. It is for labor to espouse such a principle. But it is by no means proved that the economy of high wages has failed. The truth is that it was never tried. Where a few prosperous in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

such as textile and coal, paid the lowest possible rates. The distribution of income was woefully uneven, as it still is. Over a period of successful years, it has appeared that the rise in corporate profits was eight to ten times greater than the accompanying rise in real wages. And it has never been shown that a more equal distribution of income would not have kept our economic system upon a more even keel.

IN THE face of almost universal wage-cutting, there is encouragement in the outcome of Paterson's general strike of 8,000 silk workers. The silk industry was depressed long before the present economic earthquake came upon us. Crazy-quilt prices and wages prevailed. The exodus of large manufacturing units to Pennsylvania and other cheap-labor states brought increasingly lower wages, feverish competition and unstable conditions. In Paterson itself the advent of several hundred sweatshops added to the industrial confusion. Yet the strikers of the American Federation of Labor amalgamated unions have been able, under these circumstances, to reëstablish the eight-hour day and to obtain wage increases in a considerable section of their local industry. In some specific instances the increase won was as high as 40 percent. The unification of the more skilled workers with the weavers and the auxiliary help is another healthy development. Some manufacturers have sought to take advantage of the unusually bad silk season by attempting to break their recently signed agreements. Thus far the unions have been as successful in resisting these efforts as in the general strike, although the final chapter is yet to be written. Much of the militancy which distinguished the Paterson struggle, unique in current A. F. of L. history, was undoubtedly due to the leading part taken by the Conference for Progressive Labor Action, which served as a unifying and driving force. A labor leadership unafraid of jail and triumphantly overcoming police attacks on picket lines is a refreshing spectacle.

Pax Gallica

THE NEXT ten weeks will be extremely critical. It is evident that the French have grandiose plans for the complete economic and political reconstruction of Europe. Germany, and to a lesser extent England, are confronted by grave financial problems; the French believe that this is their chance to obtain the hegemony of Europe for a generation to come. Enough is now known about the White House conversations between Mr. Hoover and M. Laval to make it possible to foresee the French program. A decision must be reached on Germany's financial future by February, 1932, when Germany's foreign short-term credits, now frozen under the Wiggin "standstill" agreement, will fall due. The French have, consequently, a little more than two months in which to carry through their plans.

The first step is to be the appointment of an experts' committee under the Young Plan to re-examine Germany's capacity to make reparations payments. This committee, according to French plans, is to bring in a report stating that German nationals have huge resources abroad, possibly as much as four or five billion dollars, and that before Germany can justly plead insolvency, these funds must be repatriated. The French hope that such a report will destroy all sympathy for Germany, especially among Americans. It is, of course, entirely true that German capitalists have large sums abroad. However, it is equally true that there is no conceivable way for the Bruening Cabinet to force the recall of these balances. No government, including the French government itself in 1924-26, has ever been able to prevent the secret flight of capital.

The experts' committee will be mostly for show. While it unearths Germany's financial sins, the French will undertake direct negotiations with Berlin. They are said to have formulated two distinct sets of demands, one economic and the other political. On the economic side, they will demand representation on the directorates of certain of Germany's most important industrial and business enterprises. In return, French commercial banks will grant these corporations generous long-term loans. This is the meaning of the Franco-German economic "coöperation" committee set up last August, at the time of the Laval-Briand visit to Berlin. France, in other words, intends to use her present financial strength to muscle into German business and industry, much as Capone used his gunmen to muscle into the Chicago beer trade.

The Laval government has already proposed the creation of a Franco-German shipping cartel. French banks, according to the reputed terms of this offer, are to advance fresh capital to German shipping and, in return, will receive a certain measure of control. Similar offers will be made to the German electrical and railroad-equipment industries, which have large orders from Soviet Russia. The French are willing to finance this Russian business providing they are given a share in its direction.

It is obvious that if French capitalists and French banks succeed in gaining control of any considerable portion of Germany's economic machine, the French government will be in a position to bring great pressure upon every succeeding German government for years to come. This is the classic pattern of economic imperialism. France will be able to influence Germany's domestic politics in something the same way that our State Department, because of American investments in Mexico, has been able to dominate each Mexican administration.

Among the political concessions which France will probably demand of Germany will be a definitive acceptance of the present German-Polish frontier, and a final renunciation of Germany's long

LICENSED TO GALE
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cherished hopes for *Anschluss* with Austria. The aged Marshal Petain, who visited Washington after the Yorktown Sesquicentennial and was there during M. Laval's stay at the White House, declared that France would be adamant in opposing any change in the Polish Corridor. Marshal Petain told gruesome stories of the efficiency and ferocity of the Russian Red army. If the Polish Corridor were to fall into German hands, the Red army would have a bridge through German territory into the heart of Europe, and all civilization would be at the mercy of Communism.

The chief French political demand, however, is reported to be Germany's acquiescence in the formation, under strictly French auspices, of a sort of loose confederacy of the Danubian states: Austria, Hungary, Jugoslavia, Bulgaria and Rumania. Czechoslovakia will also be included. The formation of such an economic and political unit in southeastern Europe has always been a dream of the Quai d'Orsay, and was hinted at in the Briand proposals laid before the Pan-European Union this year. France is to afford a guaranteed and profitable market for a large part of the Danube grain crop, and in return the Danubian states are to give preference to the manufactures of French and Czechoslovakian industry. Financing is to be arranged mainly through the Viennese banks, which are to be provided with French funds and brought under French supervision. In other words, France is proposing nothing less than the recreation, in a greatly altered form, of the old Austro-Hungarian empire.

The political advantages to France of a Danubian confederacy under French control would obviously be great. It would form an insuperable barrier to Germany's expansion toward the southeast. It could equally be used by the French as a threat to Soviet Russia, since, at least in theory, an allied Danubian army would be able to strike either at the Ukraine, Russia's richest granary, or at Istanbul and the Straits.

The Hoover administration will probably be willing to support a demand that Germany repatriate its funds now secreted abroad, although it is doubted whether there is any way by which the Bruening Cabinet can possibly compel the return of this money. For completely selfish reasons, the United States would be delighted to have the French loan money to German industrial and business corporations. Many of these concerns are heavily indebted to American banks and investors, and if they can obtain new funds from the French, there will be some hope of their paying us back.

There is serious doubt, however, whether France is diplomatically strong enough to bring about the formation of its proposed Danubian confederacy. France, it is true, has bought and paid for the Jugoslavian and Rumanian governments, and owns them outright. But in Austria, the Pan-German party of Dr. Schober is still in office, and Hungary continues to resist French influence, despite the elimination of Count Bethlen from the government. Moreover, in Czechoslovakia the Benes Cabinet, long loyal to France, is now apparently engaged in an endeavor to reach an arrangement with Germany. Much more likely than a French-dominated Danubian confederacy, in the opinion of American official circles, is the creation of a central-European bloc, composed of Czechoslovakia, Austria and Hungary, with a German orientation. The possibility of such a bloc was publicly discussed a few days ago at Budapest by Premier Julius Karolyi of the Hungarian government, who declared that "we are ready to do it now."

The only one of France's political demands in which the Hoover administration is believed to have any real interest is that concerning the Polish Corridor. It is feared that M. Laval may be forced by his political opponents to demand that Germany renounce all hope of regaining its lost Polish provinces, in the same way that, at Locarno, it renounced hope of regaining Alsace-Lorraine. It is recognized in Washington that for the Bruening Cabinet to accede to this would be political suicide. The Bruening Cabinet will have to refuse, and its refusal may bring about a disastrous deadlock in the Franco-German negotiations. Various members of M. Laval's entourage, two weeks ago, talked very freely and loosely about the likelihood of Hitler and the Nazis taking power in Germany. It would be better, these Frenchmen say, to let Hitler take power at once; he would rapidly discover that he could not do without French support and, as a dictator, he would be able to make far greater concessions than the Bruening Cabinet. There is some reason to believe that conversations have already taken place between representatives of Hitler and the French. It is the possibility that the French may resort to some mad, dangerous experiment such as this which gives the negotiations of the next few weeks their crucial importance.

Mr. Justice Brandeis

THE SEVENTY-FIFTH birthday of Mr. Justice Brandeis calls for a national congratulation. Fifteen years ago he came to the Supreme Court of the United States after a stubborn attempt in the Senate to prevent his confirmation. His constant championship of the public interest in a series of struggles with the selfish forces of capital had aroused intense antagonism, made more bitter by his successes. Charges of judicial unfitness and even of unprofessional conduct, which now seem more ludicrous than unworthy, were made by leading conservatives, only to disintegrate under the acid test of examination, revealing the motives of their authors. Even more than last year's fight against Judge Parker, this controversy exposed the role of the Supreme Court Justices as Constitution makers. The fact that Mr. Justice Brandeis was under no illusions about their function and held ideals that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ran athwart the polite, conservative constitutionalism of the bar, added fuel to the flame. The opposition's fear was a genuine one. There was a real danger of admitting to the Supreme Bench an individual conversant with the complexities of business, who could astutely pierce beneath its pretensions to its utter disregard of the public, and was eager to curb its selfish aims in the furtherance of larger values.

Mr. Justice Brandeis has brought to the work of the Court in deciding constitutional cases a changed technique of great importance. It was foreshadowed by his earlier insistence upon accurate acquaintance with the facts underlying his various contests; he held that facts would determine results, and that the battle was over their accuracy. It was anticipated by his work as counsel in defense of labor legislation. Such legislation had been invalidated by judges who were ignorant of the facts of modern industry and imbued with an outworn laissez-faire economy. In his memorable brief in the ten-hour law controversy, he brought before the Court the voluminous evidence that demonstrated the effects of overwork upon the vitality of women workers. In the face of such proof, there could be only one answer. His victory in this cause, and the ensuing education of a judiciary essentially ignorant of modern industrial conditions, opened the door to such labor legislation as today tries to assure decent minimum standards of safety and comfort.

With the recognition that technical legal issues thinly disguised real problems, that research into business experience brought more real light than volumes of legal precedents, the process of constitutional adjudication assumed new vitality. His own opinions teem with the results of this effort to turn light upon the issues involved by a detailed analysis of the actual conditions under which they arise. They are the fruit of his deep belief that the difficulty in deciding serious questions is really the difficulty of getting at the facts. And with indefatigable effort he gathers his materials from recondite sources, trade journals, commissions of inquiry, opinions of experts. After his rehearsal of the facts, decisions resting merely upon barren legal formulas seem blind.

The significance of this technique is twofold. It has strongly influenced those of his brethren who believe that their function is to decide cases in accordance with their best perceptions. No technique, of course, matters to a perverse judgment. But, more than this, the Supreme Court chooses between competing social policies, though it conceals that choice by involved legal reasoning. The technique forces the exploration of those "inarticulate major premises" that underlie and determine constitutional adjudication. Thus, Mr. Justice Brandeis has brought a wider recognition of what qualities should be demanded of the Court's prospective members. That social desires play a decisive role in the shaping of constitutional law makes it imperative to know exactly what desires should play that part.

Mr. Justice Brandeis' work on the Court is rendered more effective by the wealth of his earlier experience at the bar, where he grappled with major economic controversies with the public as his client. The import of those years, as distinguished from the practice of the average lawyer, lies in the fact that Louis D. Brandeis served no private ulterior interest. Throwing his energies and his private fortune into chosen struggles, he sought without rancor to achieve the fairest comprehensive solution. An ability to appreciate the merits of a side other than his own, together with a deep-seated passion for justice, eminently qualified him, as President Eliot testified, for the high duty of judging. But those years also spell almost unbroken effort to master the operation of our economic order. His acquaintance with business methods is at first hand. To understand the meaning and direction of a policy in the face of expert attempts at concealment demands not only accountancy of the highest order, together with an accurate grasp of detail, but also imagination that can foresee consequences with an almost prophetic turn.

These gifts and this wide experience have been effectively exercised by the Justice on the Bench. In the many adjustments which the Court has been called upon to make in our transportation system, his contributions have been carefully conscious of the needs of the railroads as well as of the stake of the public. There is no doctrinaire insistence upon the assumption by industry of burdens which it cannot bear, but there is the wise insistence that business must justify itself by taking care of basic social responsibilities before dividends. Realizing that the freedom of competition is but an aspect of the larger industrial freedom, he does not worship it as an idol. And so one finds him, in his espousal of open trade associations, rejecting the demand that competition must be blind. In his adjustments between capital and labor, the same realities are dominant. There is a recognition that the individual cannot stand alone, and that the truest safeguards against arbitrariness lie in balanced organization on both sides. Always he eschews empty phrases, and grapples with realities.

Mr. Justice Brandeis reaches his positions empirically. Neither in practice nor as a judge has he sought to put into effect preconceived principles. He has attempted to solve problems, not to justify a philosophy. But problems to him have a microcosmic quality. From them he grasps ideas, far wider in import than the particular cases, which slowly mold themselves into social and economic views. One marvels now at their modernity and their prophetic quality. In the New Haven controversy he already penetrated to the fact that it is the public that pays for wasteful capitalization. In "Other People's Money" his exposition of the irresponsibilities of bankers' control sounded a warning to which the present financial tragedy gives a grim echo. For a generation he has preached that business has the duty to obtain regularity of employment. In his struggle for prudent investment as the rate base, he exposed the dangers to [illegible]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

jority of the Court was subjecting the utilities in an era of falling commodity prices. In all these views his real concern is with human values. Accounting in his hands is a social science. Old-age pensioning is to be treated as a depreciation charge adequate to meet the inevitable wearing out of the human factor. Upon the conduct of business he places the responsibility for assuring the realization of a fruitful economic freedom. The worth of the individual is his constant theme, and the basis of his concern becomes the use of present-day institutions to free the individual for a more abundant life.

Like others who have lived richly, Mr. Justice Brandeis has evolved his faiths. They are in essence a reinterpretation of older democratic ideals with the purpose of making them adequate under modern conditions. As an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, he has the task of expounding the document designed to render these ideals permanent. Freedom and the manifold means of its realization are his dominating conceptions. And his life is a record of eternal vigilance in its defense.

As to Railway Wages

LABOR statesmanship of a high order led to the action of the twenty-one national railway labor organizations when they invited the managements of the railroads to confer with them. Many statements had come from railway interests to the effect that a wage reduction was necessary. Separate managements had even begun negotiations with subordinate unions, evidently with this end in view. But such a piecemeal and partial process dissolves the issue in delay and uncertainty. No prompt settlement of the wage question is possible if long negotiations or arbitrations must take place with a couple of dozen crafts on a hundred systems. If the managements really want a general wage adjustment, this invitation opens the door for them to come to headquarters for it, and obtain a decision in the only way in which it can be obtained promptly, on a national basis.

Thus, the challenge is one that cannot lightly be ignored by the managements. Either they must accept it or lose any moral support of the public in the propaganda for wage cuts. If they do accept it, however, they will have to discuss projects which are cherished by labor as well as the action which they themselves propose. Labor is not so simple-minded as to offer a nationwide cut in wages to hard-pressed capitalists, without any consideration of what the effects will be. The unions are deeply concerned about stability of employment. The welfare of the industry as a whole means much to them, but its welfare is not interpreted in the light of the magnitude of dividends paid to stockholders. The unions want an industry which can guarantee a decent livelihood to the workers required in it. They want to talk in terms of industrial statesmanship.

Something like 750,000 railroad men had found themselves without jobs by last summer. The union executives at that time proposed a national conference to the carriers in order to consider what might be done about it. The executives replied that the job problem must be discussed with individual roads, though they would welcome labor's help in eliminating "unfair competition," getting higher rates, etc. There the matter rested until this renewed invitation on the part of the workers' representatives.

Labor has been patronizingly told many times that it must consent to wage cuts in its own interest. It is not the rate of wages that matters, people say, but what is in the pay envelope. Lower wage rates would bring fuller employment. The railway labor unions apparently want to know exactly how and why this would work. They want to know whether, if they should voluntarily relinquish some of the money they are now receiving, by a cut in rates of pay, there is any guarantee that their wage envelopes would in the end really be fatter, or that more men would be employed. It is obvious, of course, that a railway wage cut would not be utilized by managements for lower freight rates, thus inviting more traffic. Would it be devoted merely to enlarging profits? Few railway workers would favor it in that event. If that is the purpose of the move, it is well that the altruistic bunkum of wage-cutting should be deflated at once. But there is room for a bargain along the lines of employment stabilization. If wage rates were lower, would the roads guarantee to spend the savings on repair of equipment or maintenance of way—now sadly neglected in many cases? Or could some national plan of job insurance or pensions be devised, so that greater security might be gained in exchange for a lower rate of pay? Or would shorter hours serve to distribute available work more widely? The existence of genuine collective bargaining on the railroads, with unions having at least the average of competent leadership, makes it possible to explore such possibilities, instead of relying on the unchecked assurance of autocratic employers that wage-slashing is really all for the workers' own good.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1931, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT. DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK ALVIN JOHNSON
E. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD GILBERT SELDES
R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Germany in Fear

IT SHOULD go without saying that no foreigner can come to a country and, after a brief visit, speak with any authority about the state of mind of its people. I think I am well outside this prohibition, however, when I say that Germany is badly frightened today. Government officials, native and foreign journalists, casual conversations with all sorts of people, the whole tone of the press, all bear witness to it.

What do they fear? Most immediately, of course, the suffering which they foresee for many of their people during the coming winter. Next, perhaps, the possibility of an attempted revolution by the Right or the Left, the Nazis or the Communists—though this fear is less lively than it was a few weeks earlier. They dread, more vividly than anyone in any other country can possibly do, the possibility of another financial collapse and a repetition of that wild, unlimited inflation of the currency which once before brought such suffering. In the past, the Germans have clung to a belief that if only France, England and the United States would experience a unanimous change of heart, the troubles of the Fatherland would soon be over. They no longer believe so today. As matters stand this autumn, they feel that England and America have troubles of their own so serious that even if they had the will, they have not the power to be of substantial aid to Germany. They consider that they must in reality deal with France alone, and that she will drive a desperately hard bargain.

The grave troubles Germany has experienced under the Hoover moratorium have helped to clear the air regarding the influence of reparations payments upon her economic life. Heretofore it has been the habit to blame everything upon the exhausting drain of these payments, overlooking the fact that Germany's borrowings abroad have about equaled what she has handed over to the Allies. No one in Germany with whom I have talked has much expectation that reparations payments will ever be resumed, or at least, that any future payments will be large enough to be important. They also recognize that the era of large loans from abroad has come to an end. It is generally admitted that much of this money was foolishly spent on needless public works and on overequipment for Germany's industrial organization. The official explanation is that this was done to find work for the unemployed; but the real reason no doubt was Germany's determination to salt away a great deal of wealth in a form which could not under any circumstances be taken away from her. At any rate, she is now experiencing, like the United States, the headache of the morning after. Her banking system is operating on the narrowest margin of [illegible] people are hard up and able to buy but little; her foreign trade is suffering from the competition of England and the Scandinavian countries—which now have an advantage in costs because of their depreciated currencies.

It was fear which, in the opinion of competent observers here, was responsible for the victory of Chancellor Bruening and his government on the last day of the Reichstag session, in the middle of October. It wasn't that very many people had faith in him, although he is generally considered Germany's strongest leader and just now almost her only one. It was merely that there seemed no hope of doing any better with anyone else. The Reichstag will not meet again until the end of February, and the present government will therefore presumably last until then—unless there is a Communist or Nazi revolution in the meantime. And at the moment, as I have said, there seems somewhat less likelihood of either than there was a few weeks ago.

The Hitlerites and Hugenbergists are expected to keep hands off, partly because of the discouraging failure of the Fascist *Putsch* in Austria a few weeks ago, and partly because anybody will think twice before becoming captain of a waterlogged and probably sinking ship. Despite their blustering oratory, the Nazi have no real program; their counsels are those of despair. As for the Communists, it is generally believed in Berlin that they are held in check by Moscow. The U. S. S. R. is so hard hit by the worldwide depression that it cannot afford to give a Communist revolution in Germany the aid which would be expected; and it cannot risk the war which would probably be started if a Red government in Berlin became a reality. The Soviets cannot even afford the temporary interruption which would ensue in the German manufacture of machinery to go to Russia and help in carrying out the Five Year Plan.

Germany is talking today, and very seriously, of two sorts of inflation. The first is involuntary, the result of being forced partly or completely off the gold standard. The second is "limited and controlled" inflation for the purpose of stimulating industry by an automatic reduction of wages, and the better to compete in foreign markets with the countries which have lately devaluated their currency. Very few people at present seem to believe that Germany will be able to remain on the gold standard, unless perhaps the situation is saved by a sudden and drastic improvement in world business conditions. The flight from the mark continues, and despite every sort of new rule in regard to it,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gled out of the country. German securities owned abroad are sold there and the proceeds do not come back. "Dollar bonds," of which there are large amounts outstanding in Germany, are sent abroad to be sold. Perhaps most important of all, exporters leave their profits in the countries where they have been earned.

Germany's very large "favorable" trade balance in recent months actually is not a sign of health, but the flush of fever. It means that Germans cannot afford to buy foreign goods, thus curtailing imports, and that exporters, as just mentioned, are leaving their profits outside Germany, despite the drastic penalties levied against those who are caught doing this. Sufficient proof that this is the case is found in the ironical fact that this "favorable" balance comes at the very moment when the nation's gold resources are dwindling so ominously.

The chief prophet of deliberate and limited inflation is at present Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, who not long ago rushed down a steep place into the arms of the super-Nationalists. Dr. Schacht made a speech which was generally interpreted as being a plea for immediate inflation, though he denied that it had this meaning. However, it frightened a sufficient number of people who still remember the scenes of eight years ago, so that it undoubtedly contributed to Bruening's startling majority of twenty-five in the Reichstag vote, so much larger than anyone had believed was possible. There is no doubt that the country's great industrialists, who are closely identified with the Hitlerites, are working for inflation chiefly because of its effect upon trade-union wages. The government, on the other hand, in its efforts to remain solvent, is likely to make a determined attempt to lower both trade-union wages and the prices at which the cartels, the great inclusive trusts, sell their goods, on the ground that both these items are out of line with the present cost of living.

Despite the dark future in Germany, there is very little change in at least the surface conditions of life. Germans have gone through so much in the past seventeen years that they have learned to enjoy themselves while they may; if your money is in danger of becoming worthless tomorrow, why not spend it tonight? The cost of living in Berlin is almost as high as in America, with the exception of a few items, yet cafés, theatres and other places of public assemblage find an astonishing number of patrons, not merely among foreigners or profiteers, but among the solid German bourgeoisie. In a huge popular café on a Sunday night, the crowd was so great that it was almost impossible to get in or out. The streets are filled with privately owned automobiles; the pedestrians look no more shabby or depressed than an equal number of persons in New York. These casual surface observations, to be sure, are almost valueless in themselves; but they would have great significance if they tended in the

The saddest sight I have seen in Berlin was one which was not regarded by its active participants as in the least gloomy. On a rainy midnight, walking down an empty street near the Brandenburger Tor, I heard far away the unmistakable clatter of military hobnails on hard pavement. They came two abreast in the uniform of Hitler's Nazis—mere children, Boy Scouts who looked to be not more than sixteen or seventeen on the average and certainly could not have been more than twenty. There were hundreds of them, very proud and cheerful, stepping briskly along on their way to the mass demonstration next day at Brunswick, where 100,000 of them marched for six and one-half solid hours past their leader (and afterward went and killed three workingmen and beat some seventy more). The Nazi have no real plan, as I have said; their philosophy is madness, their mental horizon is that of the Ku Klux Klan, an organization which, indeed, they strikingly resemble in several ways. Yet despite their sterility and despair, the Nazi leaders have managed to kindle some sort of spark in the breasts of these young Germans so that here they were, marching at midnight in the rain, joking in undertones like any other boys the world over.

Within a few months, there is an excellent chance that some of the boys who marched past me will be dead, spitted on French or Polish bayonets in a hopeless, suicidal war of Hitler's making, or shot by German government troops in the course of an attempted revolution. Many of these boys were only two or three years old when the Great War began; few of them could have been more than seven when it ended. The experience of those terrible years means nothing to them. All that blood was shed, all that misery was endured, in vain, at least in so far as there was any effort to prevent similar experiences for these boys and the many millions of others who, throughout the world, are today wearing military uniforms for one reason or another. Looking at these youngsters marching, these seemed to me sad thoughts. But then, perhaps I am sentimental.

Berlin. BRUCE BLIVEN.

Golden Outline

Not only heads are haloed, nor are faces
The only thin, translucent masks for light.
There are clear landscapes, coasts of crystal, places
As finely frail, as perilously slight
As gossamer, and through them glistens faintly
Some secret country luminous and saintly.

Sometimes I stand so close to that rich center,
That, exquisitely scorched by its fierce core,
I think, now in a moment I can enter . . .
But in that moment all the fire-grained shore,
The cliffs, like colored coals, are darkening, paling,
And I am still this side the silver veiling.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WEST AND EAST

A Table Compiled by Stuart Chase

BUSINESS IN THE UNITED STATES

As recorded in the financial section of The New York Times, October 18, 1931.

BUSINESS IN RUSSIA

As recorded in the Economic Review of the Soviet Union, October 1 (semi-monthly), 1931.

General

Weekly business index declines again, to 68.3 (17% below corresponding week in 1930. 31.7% below normal.)

Wholesale-price index: now 68.2
a year ago 82.9
1926 100

Business-failure index up to 127.3.
(1926 = 100.)

Gold loss to date: $600,000,000.
"Some calculators have placed currency hoarding between $800,000,000 and $1,000,000,000."

Industrial output for August, 1931, 33% above August, 1930; 11% above July, 1931.

Light industry (consumers' goods) shows 35% increase over August, 1930.

4,000 new retail stores opened in August, 1931.

Wages of skilled workers and workers in dangerous trades increased 30% on October 1, 1931. Salaries of engineers also raised.

Various Industries and Markets

Steel production: September, 1930 3,093,000 tons
" 1931 1,719,000 "
Decline 1,374,000 "

Railroad earnings: September, 1930 $96,000,000
" 1931 56,000,000
Decline 40,000,000

Building operations: September, 1930 $158,000,000
" 1931 110,000,000
Decline 48,000,000

Car loadings (average): September, 1930 971,000
" 1931 778,000
Decline 193,000

Stock-market index: September, 1930 161 to 175
" 1931 88 to 95

N. Y. Clearing House: October, 1930 6,274 billion
" 1931 4,149 "
Decline 2,125 "

Preferred-stock dividend omitted by Weber Showcase.

Fyre Fyter Company cuts dividend 50%.

Grocery sales of Kroger chain 13.5% below last year.

Headline: Federal bonds hit by tighter money.

Headline: Chadbourne sugar plan faces peril next season.

Headline: Rail meeting clash on federal aid seen.

Headline: Oil men ask easing of anti-trust law.

Coal output for August 45% above last year.

Peat output up 122%.

Oil up 26%. Russia now second oil-producing nation in world.

Electric power up 40%. Railroads in Urals being electrified.

Iodine production: 1930 30,000 pounds
1931 308,000 "
An increase of 278,000 pounds, or more than 900%.

Rubber output: 1929 $101,000,000
1930 146,000,000
Twelve new rubber plants have been discovered, and artificial rubber developed from oil by one Professor Bizov, who gets 11,250 miles out of a tire made therefrom.

Thirty new cement plants completed in 1931.

Nizhni Novgorod automobile factory to be finished November 1. This will be the largest in Europe, putting out 140,000 Ford cars and trucks a year.

Output of kaolin—china clay—doubled.

One billion tons of magnesite discovered in Urals.

New apatite and nephelite beds discovered in Kola peninsula. Aluminum can be made from nephelite.

New bauxite deposits in Tikhom.

Foreign Trade

U. S. exports for September lowest since 1914, and 42% below September, 1930. Low exchange rates are handicapping exporters.

1931 increase in trade with Germany, 95%.

1931 *decrease* in trade with U. S. 45%.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The "New Era": Its Rise and Fall

II: *Pink Pills for Panic*

DAY AFTER day the bull market roared on through the summer months of 1929. It shot by all danger signals. When at last the Federal Reserve Board, deeply disturbed by the increase in security loans to eight billions, raised its rediscount rate to 6 percent on August 9, its move toward tightening credit was widely attacked as a "blunder." Among others, W. C. Durant, one of the most famous manipulators of stocks, assailed the central bank for its intervention. Industry, he declared, would expand indefinitely; security prices would be enormously higher a year or two hence, and loans would mount to "over ten billions of dollars."

The figure of the bull market itself now loomed up in the statistical charts as a perpendicular peak which towered over the mild valleys and foothills of other times. In the weeks that followed the Federal Reserve Board's action, turnover and price movements on the stock exchange grew more grotesque than ever before. Tips circulated so swiftly as to lose all their pretended character of confidential business information. Legends arose of bootblacks who were forever spared from polishing shoes, of telephone girls and chorus boys who retired from active life to recline in the feathery comfort of eight-cylinder limousines. Doctors, lawyers, manufacturers, were no longer to be found in their offices, but in the board-rooms of brokerage houses downtown. As their "blue ribbon stocks," which had been split up from six to sixteen times, crossed 1,200 or neared 3,000, they drew out of the magic ticker ermine coats for their wives, cases of champagne for their best girls, yachts, twenty-four-room apartments.

The rise was halted in the last weeks of September. A dragging tendency set in which was considered "normal" after the uninterrupted advance. But under the surface the unprecedented activity of distributing enormous flotations, carried on by way of investment trusts, gave the suspicion that the time was growing short in which "all sorts of cats and dogs" could be underwritten and sold to the public overnight. Over two billions in investment-trust securities had appeared since the summer of 1929, and now overhung the market "undigested"—that is, carried by brokers and bankers who were thereby overloaned and weakened. Bears scent their opportunities; anxiety spreads magically. The Bank of England raises its rate to 6½ percent to resist the pull of the Wall Street maelstrom. Declines are more pronounced; recoveries are feebler day by day.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With [illegible] of his hand Mr. Mitchell ments to the public on October 16, 1929: "The markets are now in a generally healthy condition . . . perfectly sound and conservative, even by the standards of ten years ago. . . . I cannot see anything to check that continued expansion."

October 23, 1929—Panic!

None had foreseen the scope of the avalanche which fell upon Wall Street. Amid scenes of pandemonium the values of industrial, railroad, utility and banking corporations collapsed. Throughout the United States, as one mob, the terrified investors had hurled some six million shares upon the market at any price that they might bring. The hundreds of thousands of margin calls brought ruin to speculators and spread paralysis and hysteria in business throughout the world. Brokerage houses knew themselves bankrupt; and the large banks which sustained them for the moment were rumored to be insolvent. The excitement among the leaders of business was most intense. During a sleepless night they prepared measures to stem the panic, to turn it into "an orderly retreat," and thus avert a general catastrophe.

October 24, 1929—"Black Thursday." Had the bottom fallen out of the world? The mad flood of liquidation grew to twice the volume of the previous day. In despair the whole mass of speculators disgorged themselves of their holdings.

A consortium of New York banks was known to be making efforts to stop the landslide. By October 25, 1929, a clamor had arisen for a statement from the President. On this day, in a concerted stand, Rockefeller and Morgan interests combined were reported to have sent in spectacular buying orders. It was the day when the broker, Richard Whitney, made his sensational bid for 20,000 shares of Steel at 205. "The reaction has badly overrun itself," said Mr. Mitchell once more. A chorus of voices from the heads of investment trusts, Standard Oil companies, railroads and banks, all roared that "prospects were never brighter . . . prosperity may continue indefinitely. . . ." But swelling above these incantations of confidence came a dramatic announcement from the President.

"The fundamental business of the country, that is production and distribution of commodities, is on a good and sound basis." Thus ran the official statement of Mr. Hoover, and it was indicated that Mr. Mellon was in full accord with him. Inventories of manufacturers and middlemen were not high, the great business engineer pointed out. Prices were not going up; "the tendency of wages

higher. To be sure, building construction had been affected by the large volume of security loans, but this condition was expected to "improve soon." The fall in grain prices, which had accompanied the stock-market crash, was also "deemed temporary." Mr. Hoover and Mr. Mellon had decreed a halt in the bear market.

Such a gathering of political and financial authorities in defense of prosperity seemed irresistible. Yet on Monday, October 28, the stock-market answered the President with still greater convulsions of despair. On Tuesday, the fifth and culminating day of the first crash, the facilities of Wall Street were overwhelmed by the turnover of 16,800,000 shares. All speculators were thought to be closed out. Since Hoover's words were of no avail, the ancient John D. Rockefeller had been rushed into the breach on this day, announcements being made that he and his son were purchasing "sound common stocks." But a fortnight later, on November 15, in a "secondary" crash, depths were reached which appeared abysmal. The loss in values during six weeks was estimated at fifty billions; the whole advance of 1929 was erased.

Slowly calm returned to the frenzied market places. But was the New Era ended? What did the convulsions of October and November mean for the noble experiment in capitalist democracy which had been conducted with such conspicuous success and advertised as an economic millennium?

Commodity prices, wheat, cotton, copper, had all collapsed with securities. Large sections of the public which had been taught to speculate in the risks of big business, rather than to practise thrift, were ruined. Certainly the great middle class of the country had been infected with a chronic boom psychology; even workingmen had been encouraged to invest their hard-won savings in the stocks of the companies which employed them. The few who conducted big enterprises on the plateau of prosperity had simply gone to the many and invited them to advance the capital of industry and share its profits. Little or nothing had been said of the risks involved in such partnerships, risks well known to traditional capitalism, but reported to have disappeared during the age of Coolidge and Hoover. Alas, what would become of the public's "good will" and confidence? It was a moment of bitter melancholy for the sponsors of business government. In the crisis, all eyes turned to Washington—to the "high priests of prosperity."

The financial panic had been halted. On November 16, 1929, a day after the upturn had begun in all markets, President Hoover went into action in a manner that stirred the imagination of the whole country. From Washington he called the economic leaders of the nation to a vast conference whose purpose, as he phrased it tersely, was "to spur on a forward movement in business . . . to speed on prosperity." Not merely to save prosperity, but to make it bigger than ever before. A great array of industrial captains converged upon Washington by November 21, singly, in groups or in pairs, to participate in a council which had no official governmental powers, but whose role seemed mightier than that of any legislative body previously assembled. Here were the men who turned all the wheels, who ruled directly or indirectly over the destiny of the country. It was the oft-mentioned "invisible empire" or "government of business." But few looked upon them with suspicion or hatred. Instead there was widespread rejoicing over the President's practical wisdom in going directly to big business for results.

The plans of the "business government" were of course held secret. Nobody knew how these leaders proposed to bind themselves to their "informal" agreements to coöperate fully, to preserve the scale of wages, the national standard of living, and to keep the circulation of commodities at the highest possible pace; but it was plain to the most arrant scoffers that, under the leadership of President Hoover, they meant to uphold the New Era. Above all, as the President pointed out, "the need for increasing the purchasing power" was felt to be most imperative. Acting upon this principle, Henry Ford made the sensational announcement that he was raising the minimum wages of his employees to $7 a day. All the other industrial captains promised to set their faces resolutely against wage reductions. Thus the "full and stable employment of labor," which Mr. Hoover had called the basis of prosperity, was ensured. On the other hand, organized labor, represented by the president of the A. F. of L., promised to give up demands for higher wages. Thus the "full and stable employment of labor" was guaranteed.

The semi-public enterprises, moreover, were to arrange to increase all their expenditures. The railroad executives promised to spend two billions on maintenance and improvements during 1930; the power companies were to spend one and a half billions upon a similar program; and the Bell Telephone System, through Mr. Gifford, reported an expansion program of $700,000,000. The building and highway associations of the United States were expected to spend two billions more. Finally, it was proposed to provide the farmers with "improved credit facilities."

It was a policy of expansion, as Mr. Hoover observed. "I do not set up any new economic agencies," he said. It was expected rather that "private initiative would carry forward the work he had started."

There was not only "great good cheer" in the councils of business, as the press reported, but a "splendid coöperation," which led Secretary of Commerce Robert P. Lamont to inform the country that everything was back to "normal." For once in its history the nation was led not by a mere politician, but by a great engineer who thoroughly understood the workings of economic life. He had promised that the federal government, in unison

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the spurring forward of big business, would launch a nationwide public-works program; it would speed up the pending Hawley-Smoot tariff bill, and it proposed to reduce taxation still further, upon Mr. Mellon's firm assurance that such diminution would bring increased revenues to the Treasury and that a Treasury surplus of $225,000,000 was indicated for the next year. Thus the government and capital in combination had promptly met a critical situation, as the President said, in a manner which could only be characterized as "remarkable and satisfactory." Mr. Alexander Legge permitted himself a little joke. "It looks," he said, "as if industry would have to begin scraping around to get employees, instead of laying off anybody."

Confidence, that precious and mysterious force in the economic organism, radiated from the White House with the presidential promise that "the present high level of prosperity is to continue." Indeed, the President's efforts to spread optimism were unremitting. On December 5, 1929, with the help of Mr. Julius Barnes of the Chamber of Commerce, he called together four hundred "key-men" from all parts of the nation, in a huge rally, much like those which are seen at our college campuses on the eve of important football games. The President expressed scorn for "undue pessimism, fear, uncertainty and hesitation in business," while pouring forth praise for the spirit of "expansion and construction." Soon there were few persons who did not fully believe the official prediction of a return to boom times in not less than "three months." Dr. Julius Klein spread optimism over the radio in a national hook-up on December 15, 1929. "Our natural resource, diligence, individualism, want of class conflict, mechanization and mass production . . . make a firm basis for the continuance of prosperity . . . American business was never more dynamic and volatile."

The hundreds of "key-men" and leaders in economic life trooped back to their desks in various parts of the country, fully contented, as they said, with the results of the conference. Only "a healthy reaction," a purely "psychologic disturbance" was their definition of the reverses of 1929. All together, in a mighty chorus, they had made a fine display of optimism—although none of them was committed by it, we must remember. But still, dynamic capitalism had shown itself able to cope with any emergencies that might arise on this side of the ocean; and its unique institutions and facilities excluded forever the need of such dangerous social experiments as stricken European nations resorted to. Indeed, some of these leaders could easily be worked up into a sort of religious frenzy as they regarded the advantages of the American system. Heavenly wisdom itself must have established this system. "To tear down these facilities," Mr. Myron C. Taylor of the United States Steel Corporation thundered, "and supplant them with something of the unknown quality which has no particular virtue to recommend it would be a crime against the Creator and the faculties which He inspired to produce these benefits."

"What were they, imbeciles or liars?" I have heard people ask soberly in alluding to the high priests of prosperity. They were neither. They were the products of an economic system which bore within itself the germs of its own blight. When sickness and disease fell upon them, they became simple aborigines who tried to expel the evil spirits by the beating of tom-toms, by incantations, dances, prayers. They would not relinquish their cult; they knew only the terms of the past.

The beginning of 1930 witnessed a drama, strange even for the violent history of this country. On the one side stood Mr. Hoover and his cohorts of business oracles, statisticians and Chambers of Commerce, waving off or ruling out the onrushing industrial depression by refusing to admit its existence. On the other side were all the elements of economic decay, deflation, retreating enterprise, falling purchasing power.

"I do not set up any new economic agencies," the super-engineer had said. Would that he had! All of the impressive-sounding program outlined before the conferences of November, 1929, was left to private initiative. The President had called for a vague, unguarded form of "expansion," to be carried out through half-measures and contradictory procedures, in short through "rugged individualism." His plans "to speed on prosperity" may have been well intentioned; but was there anything to guarantee their being carried out? One industry prepared to spend more money by increasing its producing equipment; another prepared to lower its prices; still another proposed to introduce more labor-saving machinery which threw workers into idleness. Each one of the great industrialists who appeared in Washington to consult with Mr. Hoover was at full liberty to change his mind upon reaching his own desk. The enigma of European reparations was left unsolved by the new Young Plan revisions; and to Europe's preposterous debt burdens there were soon added those created by the highest American protective tariff in history. The Federal Farm Board, possessed of $500,000,000, prepared to buy grains in the face of a world surplus and a declining tendency in all commodities. Everywhere one perceived forces working at cross purposes. And now, instead of owning to the perilous conditions both at home and abroad, the super-engineer prepared a whole new series of "predictions" and "reassuring statements," most of which were absurd, misinformed and false, but which had the real effect of disarming the nation in the face of danger.

Quite in keeping with administration tactics was the launching of a billboard campaign which was intended to revive stricken confidence. One remembers well those pathetic handbills and placards of early 1930 which are seen no more, but which were once the symbols of business statesmanship:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUY AND HELP KEEP UP PROSPERITY

Outside of the billboard scheme, and the even more dubious one of predicting away economic misery, outside of propaganda and mummery, one sensed plainly that nothing was actually being done to distribute prosperity throughout the land.

The records of the Department of Labor should have given a clear sign of the downward trend, since employment statistics are most sensitive to economic change. From the Labor Employment Service at Washington came the report on January 1, 1930, that "unemployment became pronounced at the close of the year, but after a careful survey of the business outlook we enter the new year with optimistic spirit and high hopes." Three weeks later, President Hoover joined in the barrage being laid down by declaring that "employment was *rising* for the first time since the market crash." This report was at once challenged by Miss Frances Perkins, New York State Industrial Commissioner, who asserted that a steady decline in employment had been noted ever since October, 1929; conditions were now the worst known since 1914; the President's statements were misinformed or based on "inaccurate estimates." Even the obliging Mr. William Green, head of the American Federation of Labor, estimated now that there were 3,000,000 persons out of work.

But the President returned to the charge stubbornly by reporting on January 28 that employment had "increased 3.3 percent" during the week ending January 13. His sources were a mystery to all well informed persons. The Department of Labor of the federal government had really no precise statistics at its command, though it might have obtained them if it wished. Yet again Secretary of Labor Doak made the thrilling prediction that "employment would be back to normal within ninety days." And a few days later Mr. Julius Barnes, another member of the President's intimate circle of optimists and prosperity boys, told all the world that business was at last "recovering."

The first anniversary of the super-engineer's term came on March 4, and as Senator La Follette observed, he had done nothing more effectual than to issue "optimistic ballyhoo statements." The month of March saw lamentable demonstrations by mobs of unemployed and Communist riots—new and eye-filling spectacles for the richest nation on earth. In the latter part of April a second stock-market crash, resulting once more from overextended speculation and excelled in violence only by the collapse of 1929, spread a heavy gloom. The American Federation of Labor now indicated that 22 percent of its members were out of work. The Farm Board, its courage sinking, hinted that it could not hope to stabilize the grain and cotton markets. Values of corn, wheat, cotton and virtually all agricultural products crashed below pre-war levels; and now a cry of rage arose throughout the Middle West and the South.

At this juncture Mr. Hoover spoke out once more. On May 1, 1930, before the United States Chamber of Commerce, he reviewed the past year—the stock-market crash, its probable causes and the measures which followed it—as a closed era which could now be seen in historical perspective. "The great economic experiment," he said, the coöperation of government and private enterprise "to stabilize economic forces," had succeeded. He added, moreover, "there is one certainty in the future of a people of the resources, intelligence and character of the people of the United States—and that is prosperity."

Always prosperity! The harsh, toneless voice no longer brought conviction to the millions of more or less resourceful Americans who listened at the radio receiver. Only confusion and dismay now gripped all classes of people, as it was seen that there was complete non-control of the most vital economic forces. No region of the country, no industry, followed any concerted plan, or worked in combination with any large collective plan. The consumer was urged to buy or to spend more when all signs pointed to the diminution or even the complete stoppage of his buying power. He bought as little as possible. In the meantime surpluses of goods accumulated in the steel, oil, copper and coal trades; the wheels turned more and more slowly; after five months, only the smallest beginnings had been made upon the federal construction program. An army of idle and hungry gathered in all the large cities, but no scheme for coping with this final outgrowth of the New Era had been devised, save local or private charity. Everywhere chaos, planlessness, contradiction.

Through the late winter and early spring of 1930, Congress was embroiled in fierce wrangling over the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill. It was finally passed on March 24, 1930—a marvel of compromise, lobbying and favoritism to special industries—and Mr. Hoover promptly signed it. Senator Watson had said of the bill that "thirty days after it was passed, the country would be well out of the depression." But in less than thirty days, on April 18, 1930, the President sent Congress a most doleful message. It must keep its appropriations within budget limits; else—and here he alluded to new and most alarming symptoms, such as none had dreamed—the federal government was faced with a deficit. At mention of the dreadful word "deficit" for the first time, the Senators fell to louder wrangling, and all party discipline was lost. A treasury deficit? What had become of Mr. Mellon's famous surplus? When the harrowing special session drew to its close, nearly all of the unhappy Senators had lost faith in the great engineer; they were in full revolt against him.

As the blanket of depression settled upon the country it became plain to everyone that none of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the expedients tried by the government of business had worked. No more was heard of the system of prosperity. The collapse of the New Era capitalism was all the more spectacular in that it had promised so extravagantly and persistently. In the crisis provoked by its own excesses, the business government showed itself powerless to stabilize agricultural prices, powerless to stimulate commercial activity by the control of credit, powerless to maintain wages and buying power for the masses by—exhortation. The confidence drives of Mr. Hoover's "key-men" had failed; the "buy more" handbills had failed. The highest possible tariff wall, designed to isolate us from the repercussions of European calamities, had spared us nothing. These were but the methods of the past; must they not be scrapped swiftly for new methods if the nation were to be revived or sustained?

What would some great leader have done in the moment of disaster? One may imagine at least that he might have sensed the need for cleaning house, for making a fresh start. He might have given few promises, and said something to this effect:

"The paper profits are gone. It is only money that we have lost. But we have a world to win. Let us not be held back by outworn traditions and ruinous methods. We are 125,000,000 strong. We have fabulous resources, machinery, industrial genius, knowledge. As a people we have not always been wanting in courage; we have never been wanting in energy. Let us rationalize all our activities, provide for our real needs as a people, rebuild, ornament our whole land. Let there be no idleness here, for we have much to do. . . ."

But the same ideas, the same leaders who have proceeded through instability and confusion to chaos still rule. They would treat us with little sedatives and fever powders; they would rescue us through private initiative, through individualism of one kind or another; by passing the hat here and there they would gather sums of money to be distributed to some ten million Americans and their families. As for the profound sickness of a whole profit-making order which finds fewer and fewer profits and steadily shrinks within itself, they would do nothing, hoping that by doing nothing the sickness might happily pass away and permit them to return to their old ways. If such leaders were at the head of an army or a navy in wartime and, after meeting decisive defeat in all engagements with the enemy, proposed merely to do nothing or to take flight as respectably as possible, they would certainly be court-martialed, disgraced and removed from their command. Our major economic staff of 1929 is still in the saddle.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON.

Manhattan Melody

The Last Article of the Series, "Exile's Return"

THERE is always the temptation, in writing about your own past, to interpret the facts discreetly with the purpose of showing what a wholly likable fellow you were. There is also another temptation even harder to resist; it is that of being superior to yourself, making fun of your own adventures, perhaps in the hope of showing how vastly wiser you are now, ten years later, than you were when these amusing events took place. In looking over my four preceding articles, I feel that I have yielded a little to both temptations, but especially to the second. I have tried to make a good story out of my adventures while neglecting the passionate conviction behind them, the disinterestedness, the fine moral fervor which alone justifies my writing about events so insignificant in themselves as a café brawl, a fistfight between two editors, a burst of profanity over the telephone.

We, the returning exiles, were enthusiastically devoted to an ideal of literary integrity; and the measure of our enthusiasm was now, after six months, the measure of our defeat. We were too divided by squabbles among ourselves to offer any resistance to the public. The magazine in which our activities centered had been effectively suppressed by the postal authorities. For my own part, I had become involved in a literary quarrel and, by applying standards learned in Paris, had made a fool of myself. Yet I was unwilling to abandon these standards, and clung to impractical hopes long after it had become evident that they would never be realized.

SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

Washington's birthday would fall on a Friday. Work was slackening again at the office; there was no need to punch the time clock Saturday morning. On Thursday afternoon I left for Woodstock to spend the rest of the week, carrying with me a sheaf of blank paper, a bottle of gin and a little bundle of manuscripts which would compose a new issue of Broom, if we ever got round to printing it.

William Slater Brown was to be my host. He lived alone, in a shack built hastily as a summer studio, with a high ceiling and porous walls and a vast north window that rattled in the wind—built, in other words, so that keeping it warm in February was almost impossible. Bill had practically abandoned the attempt. He made the gesture of keeping

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a fire in the stove, a smoldering heap of chestnut branches, but he had learned to work when the temperature in the room was well below freezing, and work he did, twelve hours a day, writing stories, tearing them up and beginning them over again, addressing a long monologue to his typewriter. He ate his meals with a copy of "Tristram Shandy" or a translation of Aeschylus propped against the coffee pot. Once a week he trudged to Woodstock through the snow to buy whatever provisions he could afford and exchange a few words with the grocer. About as often he entertained a guest—Josh Billings, perhaps, or Murrell Fisher, who stumbled through the woods at dusk, bearing a jug of cider and a lantern. Both of them appeared during my visit. Bill saw more people that week-end than he would see again till the snow melted and the summer artists began to blossom on the landscape like mullein stalks.

On Thursday night we drank most of the gin, mixed with cider. On Friday morning we ran hastily through the manuscripts assembled for the new issue of Broom, deciding that most of them were undistinguished. We were appalled at the expense involved in printing them and, though we talked bravely of plans for the future, both of us felt that nothing would be done. In the afternoon, after lunching on salt pork and stewed lentils, we each sat down with three pencils and thirty sheets of blank paper, to try our hand at automatic writing, a tiring exercise. One simply writes at top speed, for three hours by the clock, on any subject that pops into the head. The first hour is generally wasted; but during the second and third hours, when the conscious mind is thoroughly fatigued, one is apt to produce very interesting phrases and fancies, and sometimes whole stories in the manner of the Superrealists, with whom the exercise was popular. Bill and I had never tried it before, and we were disappointed with the result, which would be of interest only to a psychologist. The sun was setting as the three hours ended; it was time for our dinner of salt pork and lentils.

In the evening we walked along the Bearsville road between high banks of snow. Bill was bent on expounding a theory of esthetics which he had derived from staring at a pine tree outside his studio window. Art, he said, should resemble a tree rather than a machine. The perfect machine is one to which any added part is useless; from which no part can be subtracted without impairing its efficiency. Trees, on the other hand, have any number of excess branches; and art should resemble them, should have a higher factor of safety than the machine. Art is the superfluous. . . . I disagreed so vehemently that I slipped and plunged head foremost into a snowbank.

The nights were still and cold, with skies the color of oiled steel. We slept under blankets, overcoats, rugs pulled from the floor, and rose in the morning stiffly, as if stones had been piled on our chests. All day the yellow sun shone in a blue sky, melting the snow of the roof until two-foot icicles hung from the eaves. We cooked, chopped wood, went for long walks and talked incessantly, without ever mentioning office work, or magazines (after the first unhappy morning), or the world of literary quarrels. On Saturday night Josh Billings came, and Murrell Fisher, each with a jug of hard cider. On Sunday afternoon, after carrying my valise through the deep snow to Woodstock, I caught the bus which would take me to the Kingston station, from which a train would take me to Weehawken, from which in its turn a ferry would take me to snowless Manhattan.

It was ten o'clock when I reached the house in Dominick Street. I dropped my valise and looked at the windows under the roof, where we occupied three rooms. There was no light visible in the house, or in the house next door; the street slept in shadow between the arclights. My latchkey was upstairs in the bureau drawer: would I have to spend the night in a hotel? I rang the bell twice and waited; there was no answer. I pounded my fists on the door and waited again; there was no sound of footsteps on the stairs. I put my ear to the keyhole. Faintly, from the rear of the house, I thought I could distinguish voices; they died away. I pounded on the door again, waited, lost patience and threw my weight against it; the lock yielded and let me go plunging forward into the hall.

"Here we are, Frances," said a voice from the darkness. "Come on upstairs and have a drink."

On the second story, in a back room furnished with a cot, a bureau and one chair, I found Jimmy Dwyer and Terry Carlin, one of them twenty-six, the other sixty-nine; both of them singularly white and wearing a vague look that was not so much unfriendly as inaccessible: after three days of steady drinking they had entered a cosmos of their own. The air of it was warm and moist and dead, the air of a closed room in which a gas stove has burned steadily since morning. There were little drops of water on the green-painted walls. On the bureau were eight empty bottles, one bottle half-full of gin and three empty glasses. The blinds, tightly drawn that morning against the sun, continued to be drawn against the night.

"Have a drink, Frances," said Jimmy Dwyer. ". . . Oh, you're not Frances, are you? That's funny. Well . . . have a drink anyway."

"Thanks, I've had one. Where's Peggy?"

"Oh"—with a broad gesture—"she went out. Frances insulted Peggy and went out, too. She went out last Monday."

"How long ago was that?" I asked curiously.

"Let me see . . . Monday, Tuesday . . . it's Wednesday morning now, isn't it, Terry?"

Terry finished rolling a cigarette with long muscular fingers that hardly shook with age. He swept the flakes of Bull Durham from the blanket beside him and put them neatly back into the bag. "Time is relative," he said. "Time in the abstract doesn't exist. On Mars it may be Wednesday, on Venus

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thursday, on Jupiter Friday. I live in a world beyond time, that embraces all time. On the earth, I think it is Tuesday night."

"It's Wednesday morning," said Jimmy Dwyer positively.

I left them, climbed another flight of stairs and lit the gaslight over my desk. The room was cold, not like Bill's shack in the country, but like a sealed tomb. To kindle a fire in the grate would be a waste of time: in ten minutes I would be in bed. I found my notebook, filled a fountain pen, and began to write a letter:

"My dear Malcolm," I wrote, addressing myself as a distant acquaintance, "it would be wise to admit that you were mistaken, and that you cannot, while working for Sweet's Catalogue Service, Inc., be editor, free lance, boon companion, literary polemist. Instead you must confine yourself to essentials: thinking, reading, conversation, writing, livelihood, in about the order named. At this moment you must strip yourself of everything inessential to these aims; and especially of the functions of editor, free lance, drinking companion and literary polemist. You must arrange your life against interruptions; you must sleep, exercise, earn your living and pass the other moments beneath a lamp or talking. Too many excitements: at this moment you are tired and discouraged. . . . You have left the stage and you did not even bow."

Manhattan Melody

New York, to one returning from abroad, seems the least human of cities. Its life is expressed in terms of geometry and mechanics: the height and cubical content of its buildings, the pressure that squeezes them upwards like clay squeezed out between the fingers, the suction that empties one district to overcrowd another, the lines of force radiating from subway stations, the density of traffic. Its people have a purely numerical function: they are counted as units that daily pass a given point. Their emotions are coefficients used in computing the probability of trade. Thus, by applying the coefficient of thirst to the numbered crowds on Broadway, one decides where to place an orange-drink stand. The coefficient of vanity determines the location of Olde Time Lingerie Shoppes. Just what is the coefficient of art? How many geniuses should we compute to each assembly district? . . .

When the exiles returned from Europe their normal instinct was to remake the environment, to substitute moral for mechanical values, to create a background which would make their own lives more exciting or rewarding. Having failed in this attempt, they sought refuge in escape—not, this time, in flight across the water, for they now lacked passage money and felt, moreover, that Europe was only a temporary solution—but in the sort of escape afforded by drinking parties or love or books. Some of the more fortunate, or the more provident, retired to farms in Connecticut or New Jersey: among these country dwellers was Kenneth Burke. From the letters I wrote him during the winter of 1923-24, it is easy to reconstruct my own state of mind:

"I live by clocks which mislead me. I rise at 8:45 and reach the office at 8:45. I rise at 9:05 and reach the office at 9:20. I rise at 8:00 and reach the office at 9:30. I never keep engagements, but on no principle. I have time for nothing." And again: "It frightens me how my life is episodic. What I lay down is never picked up again. To find any personality for myself, I have to reread my own letters. . . . Let us estimate that I can think for a maximum of two hours per day. Every day the topic changes, my interests change, I am less downhearted, or more, I plan different futures. To read seriously. To construct an esthetic. To write a novel. To be financially independent. One aim conflicts with another, and our lives are held together only by the calendar, the daily papers, the chain of Saturdays, the Sundays like empty brackets. People who live in cities have bright eyes like squirrels. . . . Mr. Cowley, you write, don't you question mark. No comma Mrs. Smith comma I can take it or leave it alone. The function of poetry is to make the world inhabitable period. Three dots. Suddenly I had a hysterical desire to read Plato and rushed to the library."

Plato was a symbol of escape: to read him was not to understand the innateness of the Idea, but merely to place oneself at a distance of four thousand miles and a half as many years from Broadway. I felt, for the only time and for reasons inacceptable to them, a curious sympathy for the American Humanists. "From Paul Elmer More," I wrote to Kenneth, "one derives a statement of the great truth that the aim of philosophy is to attain ataraxy (free security [Oxford], or more vulgarly, stoical indifference, from *a,* not, and *tarasso,* disturb). Philosophy is the power of not being disturbed. After six months in New York, one takes refuge in such preoccupations, and the atmosphere of New York is a hysterical classicism, to be distinguished from the classicism of the Mediterranean, which results from sympathy with one's environment, instead of rebellion against it. Let us repeat, however, I am not disturbed, am not disturbed, not disturbed."

Sometimes there were outbursts of moral indignation. "I utterly hate and despise the trade and tradesmen of letters. Your typical writer—beg pardon, your creator, for hacks have usurped the principal attribute of God—is a child spoiled by his audience, a vanity parading before comic mirrors, a soloist begging for another curtain call. . . ." I sometimes had pleasant nightmares in which I fancied that New York was being destroyed by an earthquake: its towers snapped like pine trees in a storm, a tidal wave poured through its streets and swept them free of lice. But slowly, in spite of these rebellions, I was adjusting myself to an old situation.

"One afternoon last week," I wrote, "there was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a party at the office, much dancing, pretty stenographers; my head still buzzes with jazz (rings with rag?). Afterwards I went to Ridgefield with Gene O'Neill and Agnes and Hart Crane. I wrote a jazz poem in jazzy prose and swore I should write no more verse. Matty is publishing 'The Poet Assassinated' to clear off some of the Broom deficit or pile it on—one becomes so confused. Apparently Munson has Broken Off Relations with me. Mr. O'Neill speaks a language so different from ours that we seemed to converse from distant worlds. Cummings' book has appeared. The beer is getting poorer. New York has enveloped itself in a haze of ragtime tunes, a sort of poetry which leads to a melancholy happiness.

Ten days later I returned to the same theme: "The function of poetry is to make life tolerable. New York was becoming more than I could bear. During my few moments alone I found myself miserable to a degree which you would never credit. The dance at our office was a partial salvation: it filled my head with ragtime, impossibilities and pretty girls, all of which is the strong and vulgar poetry peculiar to Manhattan. Afterwards the irregular red-brick landscapes took on a different meaning. . . ." I was relearning a forgotten lesson, that New York had its folklore, its proper music, that the city was less inhuman than it seemed.

In fact, once the returning exiles had been stripped of their ambitions, once they surrendered to the city and lived the common life of its peasants, they found abundant compensations in their lot. During the winter there were dancing parties in Harlem, drinking parties in the Village, invasions of Second Avenue to sip white wine and applaud Mr. Moscowitz's performance of "Hearts and Flowers" on the cymbalon, perhaps after a visit to the National Winter Garden Burlesque; there were concerts and bridge and incursions into the Roaring Forties. In summer there were trips to Coney Island, extended week-ends in the country; and at all seasons there were the speakeasies where returning exiles congregate—where, over a Tom Collins, they exchange news from Montparnasse and impressions of Tyrol; where even the bartender has spent his Paris year; he says, "How'd you like to be up in Montmartre tonight, at Zelli's?"—and Flossie Martin answers, "Or just sitting outside the Select with a good long drink and nothing to do but drink it"—all this has a sort of reminiscent charm, but it seems, to the returning exiles, farther and farther away. They are learning that New York has another life, too—subterranean, like almost everything human in the city—a life of writers congregating in restaurants at lunchtime or in coffee houses after business hours to talk of work unwritten or magazines unpublished, and even to lay modest plans for the future. For, after the death of vain ambitions, after a period of hopelessness, comes a time when little ambitions are born—not the wish to change society as a whole, or even literary society, but merely to write a poem, an essay, a story worth the trouble of reading to one's friends—that and inevitably the hope of living under more favorable conditions somewhere outside the city, perhaps in the Catskills, perhaps on a Connecticut farm.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

Washington Notes

The Frightened Victors—Mistress of the House —Reducing the Tariff and Other Programs —The Smith-Roosevelt Relation

WITH THEIR House control assured by the really remarkable Republican upset in the Minnesota district in the by-election there, Democrats are beginning to realize that success means responsibility—and responsibility is something the Democrats have not had for so long that they are somewhat at a loss. They have been so intent upon winning that now that they have won they do not quite know what to do about it. Some of the more influential among the party leaders with whom I have talked since the election are distinctly troubled. It was easy enough last session to hold the relatively small Democratic minority in the House in line against administration policies, except on the tariff. It will be far harder to muster a solid party vote in favor of an affirmative legislative program—particularly when the majority is so slender that the loss of only two votes wipes it out altogether.

The difficulties of the Democrats under these circumstances, I think, are obvious enough to be generally grasped. They feel, for example, that after three years of unremitting attack upon the Republican administration and eloquent arguments that in order to be saved the country must have a Democratic House, now that the goal has been attained, the country will be considerably disappointed if it is not saved at once. Beyond doubt, a Democratic bill to reduce the tariff must be presented. The long and heated assault upon the Hawley-Smoot law, or as the Democratic spokesmen called it, "the Grundy bill," makes a counter-proposal imperative. The tariff was in fact the big issue upon which Democratic control of the House was won.

Though the Democrats will control the House, and the progressives the Senate, I do not know of any competent observer who thinks the Democrats can put through a tariff-reduction bill before the adjournment of this session, sometime in June. I do not know of any one who believes that the solid Democratic vote in either House or Senate can be mustered for a general reduction bill. There are too many Democrats like Ruth Bryan Owen of Florida, who regard the tariff as a local issue and who consider it their first duty to protect their local interests.

It is an undeniable and oft-repeated fact that the present law could not have got upon the statute books had it not been for Democratic votes. Yet undoubtedly a bill must be offered. The gesture has to be made, though a considerable amount of skill will be required to conceal its hollowness. The Democrats may be considerably aided by a continuation of the stupidity and ineptitude of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Republican committee, which has displayed extraordinary talent for muffing the ball and missing its opportunities. Nevertheless, the Democratic risk is too apparent to be minimized. In the matter of taxation, unemployment relief, unemployment insurance, agriculture and foreign affairs, I regret to report that there also seems a lamentable lack of Democratic unity and a fine prospect that it will be extremely difficult to get them all to support a constructive program. I forbear to mention prohibition. What would happen if the Democrats attempted to modify or repeal existing laws on that subject is too ghastly to contemplate.

There is talk now of a legislative caucus, either just before the session begins or soon after. Nevertheless, it seems to me, it will be impossible to present to such a caucus a genuine, concrete program which can be labeled Democratic and which will gain the support of every Democrat. Look at it any way you want, the Democratic position in this matter of commending the party to the country by constructive legislation and justifying the turning of House control over to it, is not an enviable one. The Democrats do not, of course, want to adopt the progressive program, though they will, I think, be obliged to support at least part of it, and of course they do not want to follow along in the wake of the Hoover program. They do not, as a majority party, want now to play the role of the minority and merely oppose. Yet, if they have anything definite of their own which can be put through, I have not heard of it. Under such conditions as these the penalties of success are heavy and the burden of responsibility onerous.

For these reasons, there is a certain feeling of relief among Republicans that the Democratic majority has been finally established and the Honorable Mr. Garner slated for the speakership. They feel that there is a chance now to give the country an exhibition of Democratic futility and discord that may improve Republican prospects in the campaign. Moreover, the White House also holds the view that Garner's election, with a majority of two, is not an unmitigated calamity. It does not at all diminish Mr. Hoover's prospects of getting what he wants in Congress, as there would have been no Republican control anyway had his party captured the speakership. On the contrary, the Republicans would have had that tremendous liability —responsibility without power. As it turns out, the Democrats take on the liability with the speakership, and are, as I have pointed out, in the disadvantageous position of being without a program.

On the other hand, the Democratic situation is somewhat ameliorated by the fact that control of the House in the middle of Hoover's first term increases Democratic confidence of winning the 1932 election. It is an almost invariable rule that when the party in power has lost the House in the off-year election, it will lose the presidency in the following election. Beyond doubt, this will stimulate and encourage the politicians. If the Democrats can handle their responsibility without too bitterly disappointing the public or too clearly showing their helplessness on the constructive side, they will be in pretty fine shape after the session ends. But it will take some political skill they are far ahead of the Republicans in both these commodities.

Since the election, it is interesting to note that, despite the triumph of Governor Roosevelt in the matter of the forestry amendment, the feeling among party people here and in New York is that his chances to run away with the presidential nomination have diminished. I am told, for instance, that Smith's hostility to his selection is deeper than before, and that the various unfriendly elements are now determined to block him. Further, it is said that, with New Jersey as the nucleus, there are ample votes in hand to prevent him from getting anything like two-thirds in the convention. They count in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Ohio, Maryland, Illinois, part of Pennsylvania, and various other states where there will be favorite-son delegations. I have no doubt that this is true and that, with Smith as the leader, Roosevelt's nomination can be prevented. I have, however, considerable doubt as to whether it will be.

As things look now, the Governor will have pretty close to a majority of the convention when it meets. However, men with a majority have been shoved aside before in Democratic conventions. Champ Clark was in 1912 and William G. McAdoo in 1924. Still, it is not an easy thing to do and not without risk to the ticket when it is done. The whole question, it seems to me, depends almost entirely on Smith. If he is determined not to let Roosevelt have the nomination, he can, I suppose, prevent it, because there will be a sufficient number of uncommitted delegations which he can control. This would mean, of course, a compromise candidate, who in all probability would be Newton D. Baker—Mr. Young being now generally recognized as unavailable, and the popular Ritchie probably too Wet to get acquiescence from the Dry South. If, however, Smith does not take the active leadership of the anti-Roosevelt fight, there is no one in sight who can do it, and Roosevelt's nomination will be inevitable.

Apparently, Smith is determined not to show his hand before the convention meets, which probably is good politics. But those close to him have no doubt that in the end he will be recognized as in open charge. Further, they say, there is no necessity for any overt action at this time, inasmuch as more than the requisite third of the convention is in hand now, will stay in hand straight through and will vote for Roosevelt only if there is a complete "lay down" upon the part of Smith. In one way, the plan of the bosses, conspicuous among them, being the unsavory Hague of New Jersey, to ditch the Governor, will help solidify votes for him. In another, of course, it is an almost insuperable barrier, if they are as determined about beating him as they were, for example, about beating McAdoo. Roosevelt's candidacy is a curious one. As the Governor of New York, he is the logical selection. His lead over all other aspirants is a long one. There is a sentiment for him, but there is no enthusiasm. He does not somehow inspire it. On the other hand, while, so far as I know, he has no bitter personal enemies, there are an amazingly large number of prominent Democrats who speak disparagingly of him, and an unquestioned feeling that he will not make a strong candidate.

T. R. B.

Washington

LICENSED TO NZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

The Unknown Warrior, the English version by Cecil Lewis of Le Tombeau Sous l'Arc de Triomphe, by Paul Raynal. Morosco Theatre, October 22, 1931.

The Venetian, by Clifford Bax. Masque Theatre, October 31, 1931.

THE PLOT of this French war play consists, as mere plots go, in the return of a soldier to see his betrothed and his father, before going to almost certain death in a planned attack. The relation of the three people one to another, the effect of the war on them and on their states of mind and feeling, are the real substance of the plot, and the return of the soldier, later than expected, after the wedding guests had been sent away, the consummation of the marriage without the marriage ceremony, the situation between father and son, the lovers' farewell, the soldier's departure, are only a fraction of what happens.

The value of the play derives from its portrayal of what war can do to the human life and soul. The attempt, sometimes flat, sometimes beautiful in its outcome, is made on high grounds; the dramatist's aim is for precision, exaltation and an unbroken flow of thought and emotion in a rhythm of varied intensity. The difficulties with such drama when given in English are more than apparent. The dialectic, descended from classic drama, brings about effects of balance and arrangement that are not so easily at home in English, and that, unless they are rendered with the utmost subtlety, may appear false or self-conscious rather than directly felt, and merely stylistic where a firm and passionate style is the moment's need. This whole play must be done with at least something approaching the speed in which the French lines were conceived to take place, else there enters a personal and often sententious quality, as if the personages shown were matching wits, analyses or reactions one against the other. In sum we must have a tone, a continuity, a pace, a varied tempo, and a degree of impersonality. For this play impersonality—though the emotions and the presence of the characters must be distinct—is the first requirement, the means by which the transmutation of the play is soonest reached and its region arrived at.

Mr. Maurice Browne brought to the soldier's role a very real sincerity and an understanding of the complex poetic analyses; but he was far too slow among his lines and cues, and much too unvaried in his attack, as well as being too expected in some of his readings. The result was that the confusion at times remained with the character and the elevation with the dramatist. Mere mechanical changes in speed will clear much of the way toward a more distinct effect.

Miss Rosalinde Fuller in her acting suffers a good deal still with her transitions. From item to item, interval to interval, her movement, in emotion and gesture, is broken or abrupt; so that her performance in many spots came apart into fragments. Her technical economy is often poor. But she gives herself beautifully to what she sees as beautiful in the moment. Her approach was delicate and lovely and intense, and always to be respected. I thought her acting really touching and fine and found her deeply convincing, if not always as an actress, certainly as an artist. She brings to the theatre something more valuable than of stage proficiency they may have, because she has faith and a certain clear and spiritual luster.

"The Unknown Warrior," nevertheless, in spite of the dull moments in the performance and the difficult and sometimes trying foreign qualities of the play itself, is a useful thing to take over the country. The center of the play is fine and right, full of things that need to be said.

"The Venetian" is one of those plays surviving from the old Irving days at the Lyceum, perhaps, or shall we say from the poetical or cultured drama of Victorian days? Such plays are commonly called "literary," and there is some sort of tradition that this quality prevents their success on the stage. What there is in the notion we cannot discuss just now, nor where in dramatic writing the literary begins and where it leaves off. Suffice it to say that in this play by Mr. Clifford Bax, which Mr. Maurice Browne, in association with Messrs. Shubert, is presenting at the Masque Theatre, there is not any literary element that hurts the play, not in any sense that makes sense. The construction of the piece is fair enough; it has in its structure the possibility of getting along and keeping up a degree of interest. It is on the literary side that "The Venetian" is so poor.

This play is a sort of velvety tragedy based on cultural appeal, I suppose. Its material, since it comes out of an exciting historical incident, and since there are all the Renaissance complexity, thought and intellectual excitement and audacity to draw from, is rich enough in both drama and texture. Certainly there is enough talk recorded from that era to make dialogue with plenty of enchantment and meat to it. Except for a few remarks from the Cardinal, interspersed with rather too obvious epigrams in the stage-cardinal style, and some of the Duke's speeches, the play has nothing of this engaging matter. Its writing, so far as the diction goes, is confused, now more or less antique, now colloquial or modern, and since the compulsion of talent is lacking to fuse all these into one, the style gets nowhere.

The Venetian involved is Bianca Capello, the famous daughter of a great Venetian counselor, carried off to Florence by a son of an impoverished house, turned into a household drudge, seen by Francesco de Medici, taken for his mistress and beloved by him throughout his Austrian marriage, and upon his wife's death, married by him. History has varying accounts of the rest. Mr. Bax, himself the author of a biography of Bianca Capello, takes in his play a wide liberty with the facts, which as a dramatist he has doubtless a right to do, provided he makes something more important than mere history out of it. The costumes by Mr. George Sheringham were most effective and were well studied for their epoch. Among the actors Mr. Wilfred Walter as Francesco de Medici gave almost always a good performance, convincing in its Renaissance melancholy and suggestive of a passionate and complex mind. Mr. Alaistair Sim's Cardinal Ferdinando de Medici was fair, the effects for this role are long since stabilized in the theatre. Miss Margaret Rawlings, who played Bianca, brings to the stage certain assets, an effective voice and a manner of reading that is often like Miss Haidee Wright's without Miss Wright's concentration on what she is saying. Miss

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to wreck what play there was to wreck. She gave no real response to the actors in the scene with her, showed no genuine stage vitality and was concerned too much merely with her own effects. At her hands the play died constantly.

The association of these two events with the name of Mr. Maurice Browne whose work for the theatre, the Little Theatres especially, fifteen years ago, cannot be forgotten, brings me indirectly to the mention of another venture, that of the Provincetown Playhouse and of its record as lately provided by two writers for a good many seasons connected with it, Miss Helen Deutsch and Mrs. Stella Hanau.[1]

It seems a point long established that every living thing has in it two principles, one of which causes it to grow and live, the other works toward its destruction. The Provincetown Playhouse, begun by enthusiasts, artists, playboys and what not, moved for a time toward its fulfilment, spread into a certain sort of prosperity, from which it withdrew again toward its earlier functions and aim, and finally came to an end. It had its theories about playwrights, actors, scene designers; from one worker in it came one accent, from another another, and the theories of policy varied with the passing of seasons. This note, however, can be no record of such a complex and important part of the history of the American theatre as the Provincetown represented. That history remains to be written. This is only a note on Miss Deutsch's and Mrs. Hanau's volume. Their book needs two comments. It is useful because it provides a complete file, season by season, of the productions that were made by the Provincetown Players. It is interesting as an illustration of the fact that a part of that element that works toward the destruction of a movement such as the Provincetown was consists in the presence among its workers of people who cannot realize what it is all about. They miss what essentially is the basis and spirit of the thing they make a part of, and in so far as they do so, help to kill it.

As to the facts and their accuracy in this history, I had only a brief and not very important connection with the Provincetown, but my participation was long enough and my acquaintance with many of the group and with their productions is extensive enough for me to speak. The book is written *con amore,* out of an affectionate superficiality. The statements are often correct, sometimes wrong and sometimes, though not necessarily willfully so, misleading. We may take for a single example the account of the situation with regard to the first production, after the group had been returned to the hands of Miss Fitzgerald and Mr. James Light and had moved uptown to the Garrick Theatre. We get the impression that more serious plays had been rejected, that there was some hope that this piece with its high color, music and dancing might counteract the gloom effect of an "art theatre" and make some money, that the directors were only lukewarm about the play, that in choosing it, they were deserting at the start their plan of doing "experimental plays," etcetera. The piece did, it is true, have color that might open the new venture happily, but it was as experimental as plenty of plays given in the past. It was also too long, diffuse, though often successful in the scenes. The cardinal point, however, about the whole record at this point ought to be that the directors, though they knew the play to be too long, yet refrained from cutting it without the dramatist's own decisions, that he was ill and able to appear only at the very last, with the ensuing bad results on the performance, and that in this attitude toward him they represented the old and finest spirit in the movement, which was a respect for the artist's own soul and freedom and a desire to create in the theatre conditions similar to those in which the artist works, as he creates plays and finds for himself what he wishes to express. This is the point, though not the idle patter, of the "Fiesta" event.

This brings me to the real ground on which this history is misleading and trivial: I mean the conveyance of the spirit and of the passions of creation, rebellion, experiment, personality that this material requires. There were people involved in this Provincetown movement who paid fully, risked much, stuck to their guns in the face of neglect or of tempting Broadway advantage. There were also light people, drifters, affected people, sponges, as was to be expected. What is false about this history is its tone. The whole tale of it dabbles prettily along with a certainty of explanation, a playfulness of anecdote, an at-homeness that makes us easy and invites the dearest readers to share the quaint Bohemia, the struggles, the hopes, plans and difficulties of a charming theatre episode. But what we need is an account that puts hard, dark, high-colored things out of life right under our noses, and makes us swallow what is bitter or brave along with what is droll and willing to please. The accents on the people involved in the history of the Provincetown are distorted; the inner character of the last chapter of Provincetown history, under Miss Fitzgerald and Mr. Light, is slighted; and what can arch details, a play's setting for a dollar, a costume for a dime, amount to, when all the sting and medicine of the deeper struggle and spirit are spared the gentle reader? It is a great pity that such a sophomoric and dainty effort should go on record as the history of the Provincetown Playhouse.

STARK YOUNG.

[1]The Provincetown, a Story of the Theatre, by Helen Deutsch

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Congratulations!

SIR: We of The Washingtonian are most appreciative of the notice you took of the metamorphosis of our publication, in your issue of October 14.

However, there is one statement in your editorial which we do not want to pass by unchallenged and—knowing your passion for scrupulous accuracy—which we believe you will want to correct. You said:

> We wish The Washingtonian all the luck in the world, and the paper will need it: the number of people in the national capital who are potential readers of such a journal must be alarmingly small.

Far from being "alarmingly small," the number of our individual net paid subscribers and newsstand purchasers is already in excess of 14,000. A very healthy number, we think, and more than many magazines of a distinctly limited "class" appeal can point to.

FREDERICK G. BROWNELL.

Prices and Inflation

SIR: In scanning the pages of The New Republic I am glad to note that we are really reaching the acute and final stages of the depression, namely, the period of agitation for currency reform. It was not by chance that free silver became the issue in 1896. The long continued depression of 1893 had reached an acute stage. The Greenback party swept the Western prairies in the late seventies as an answer to the deep depression and deflation of that period. In his "History of American Civilization," Beard lists prominently the colonial struggle for inflation as one of the causes of the American Revolution. Fundamentally, this is and has been a struggle between bankers and debtors, between the rentier and producer classes, between the city and the country. The conditions bringing about this struggle for inflation are characteristic of the closing and most drastic period of depressions. The debtor class is finally driven to the wall and forced to fight for its existence.

The whole matter is simply the old story of the rubber yardstick. When a man goes on the dotted line to meet a future obligation he is never able to tell what the obligation will be. Yet in your current issue Miss Lonigan makes the curious statement that, "The idea of a stable gold price is one of the great discoveries for the maintenance of sound business." Really, gold fluctuates as violently in price as other commodities. It is a relative matter. The gold yardstick of 1926, according to the latest indices, is now about forty-seven inches, and still more as compared to 1929. Intelligent men of the future will probably be puzzled that we should allow such a changing yardstick to govern our economic conditions. It is astonishing that we have not given more attention to Professor Irving Fisher's proposal to use a weighted index of commodity prices for a measure of value. As matters stand now, there is no safety for either debtor or creditor class. A period of drastic deflation like the present may almost double the burdens of the debtor. A war and an orgy of inflation such as we had in 1920 may adversely effect the creditor class or, as in the case of Germany during the first half of the last decade, destroy him entirely. Now that England has given up the gold standard, the rentier class will be hard hit, but the producer class will probably find conditions easier for the time being at least. Our fundamental trouble in America at present is that the dollar is eating up everything else somewhat in the same manner that the lean kine ate up the fat kine.

If Miss Lonigan's thesis be true, it is a time for despair. She is practically advocating that we adopt the present period of deflation and depression and accustom ourselves to it. Nothing could please the bankers, bondholders, the rentier class, of the world more. If we seek to stabilize values on such a basis that the dollar buys 50 percent more than in 1926, we have added this much to every government bond and everything else payable in gold at a future date. Miss Lonigan seems to adopt the quantitative theory of money and then to choose the most hopeless adjustment of the theory. Erwin Hopt, former professor in the University of Nebraska, but at present and for many years a land appraiser for the Lincoln Joint Stock Land Bank, said recently that 50 percent of the agricultural lands of Nebraska and Iowa are under mortgage, that under present conditions 50 percent of these mortgaged lands will be lost to the present owners. The dispossession of the *kulaks* of Russia is a mild matter compared to the conditions facing our best agricultural region. Yet Miss Lonigan airily remarks, "Low prices do not cause much more distress to business than high ones." Most business, including agriculture, is done largely on a credit basis. Violent deflation accordingly crushes business to the apparent benefit of the money-lending classes.

Most discouraging of all, Miss Lonigan says we should have more deflation, that large price areas are still too high. Yet she seems to offer no faint suggestion of how to bring this about. Who is going to force the farm-machinery manufacturers to drop his machinery prices in harmony with reduced farm prices? To show their kindly consideration for the farmer in his hour of need these same manufacturers during the current year increased the charges for parts and repairs for old farm machinery approximately 25 percent. The government of the United States or even that of Great Britain may borrow money cheaply in our markets, but the business man, even with perfectly go[illegible] much more scarce and higher priced than it was at the height of the inflation of 1929. Who shall pull down such charges as the prices of gas, electricity, taxes, railroad tariffs and postal rates? An army with banners could not shake them. Miss Lonigan says, "The choice now is not between health and sickness. It is between slow, wasting, desperate illness and a serious operation." Alas! The author does not say who is going to operate nor who is going to make a list of the organs and tissues to be removed. . . .

A vigorous, measured and immediate inflation kept under definite control would bring the cowardly dollars that are now in hiding back into the light and get them to work. As it is now, the longer these dollars hide the fatter, lazier and more insolent they become. Like termites, they will destroy the foundations of our entire business structure unless we change deflation into inflation. The dollar is eating us up. Miss Lonigan proposes to facilitate the process.

Lincoln, Neb. W. T. DAVIS.

The New Republic and Socialism

SIR: Your reply to Paul Blanshard's criticism of The New Republic's stand on Socialism [The New Republic, October 7] as expressed in two recent editorials, is fine in suggestion for reconstruction of the Socialist party, but withholds support unless the Socialists meet with your full approval.

You point out the bankruptcy of the Republican and Democratic parties and grant that any reform party that hopes to hold its power without revolution must progress by compromise and piecemeal. You admit that Socialists have formulated at least two changes (public ownership of large-scale industry and elimination of profit) which may be first steps toward "an economy scientifically managed for collective ends." Are you not, by withholding the support of your great weekly to the Socialists, giving support to one or the other of the old parties, thereby strengthening and encouraging that one in its iniquities?

From your attitude a sympathetic reader experiences a similar feeling to that he gets when he hears Hiram declaim from a perch on a cracker-box of the crossroads grocery, "My party may be durn rotten, but I vote fur it all the same."

MARY EDNA FLEGAL.

State Teachers' College, Indiana, Pa.

[The logic of our correspondent's conclusion is questionable. Would it not be equally logical to say that by failing to support the Socialists we are supporting the single-taxers, or the Socialist-Labor party, or the Communists, or the I. W. W., or the A. F. of L.? There are too many possible choices, both actual and potential, to permit such an inference—THE EDITORS.]

No Irony Intended

SIR: I have read with interest T. R. B.'s discussion in The New Republic of September 30 of the drafting of Mr. Calvin Coolidge and note how capable he is in passing judgment upon the fine qualities of one of America's first citizens.

It is certain that T. R. B.'s insight into human nature is most opaque and that he has little discernment or vision. Old New England has reared a race of mental giants—fine, upstanding men and women, clean thinkers, sound reasoners, well poised and balanced souls—those with perspicuity and dignity—fearless, firm, silent and gentle—real thoroughbreds of the Old Stock that boast not of honor nor hospitality, because it is unnecessary. Truly they are matchless Americans.

Mr. Calvin Coolidge needs no sponsor—there is no artifice, intrigue or falsity in his being. A Master Thinker is he—molded right—headed right—sure-footed and sane. This type of man is always a choice target for the limitedly informed and poorly balanced mob, because he thinks and does while they prattle and sputter.

Pay a visit to New England, T. R. B., and contact with its thoroughbreds—go there open minded and without malice or bias, if you can—trade thoughts for the purpose of developing a little judgment and balance.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arthur Schnitzler

Flight into Darkness, by Arthur Schnitzler. New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER'S permanent contribution to German literature lies in what might be called his French manner. To the turbid and difficult stylistic tradition in German writing, Schnitzler brought a light and clear idiom, carried along with taste, charm and wit. Even on those occasions when he turned toward close and minute psychological analyses, when Schnitzler the physician applied the microscope to the human soul (as in "Fräulein Else," "Lieutenant Gustl," "Daybreak"), his language preserves its freshness and lucidity.

Schnitzler's terrain is limited almost exclusively to German Austria. It is, moreover, the historic background and the unique character of Austria and Vienna that determine the nature of Schnitzler's persistent questions. Austria's religious orthodoxy and conservative politics had long been instrumental in discouraging a free and vigorous intellectual life. They forced Grillparzer into a continuous series of diffident compromises, and perhaps account in part for the fact that for many years after his death not a single outstanding writer arose in Austria. The way to active politics was barred and the spirit of free speculation was hampered. Indeed, there were tempting compensations: there was the dreamy, playful music of Schubert and of Johann Strauss; there were the rich art museums and the baroque architecture, inviting flights of fantasy; and there was *Liebelei.* The naturalistic revolution came, steering an esthetic tradition into a realistic social direction. But the Viennese writers continued in their old manner. The mellow air of Vienna kept out problems of dire poverty, of scientific determination, of economic maladjustments. There appeared no "Germinal" and no "Weavers." The sole mark that naturalism left on Austrian literature was the problem of *das süsse Mädel*—of the naïve suburban girl who enters the circle of the Viennese bohemia expecting love and becoming a light-o'-love instead. This theme almost exhausts the extent to which the Austrian writers were awakened to social consciousness.

Arthur Schnitzler represents perhaps the maturest expression of such light leanings. Courting and sex are the most dominant of his perplexities. This fact, by itself, hardly justifies an easy dismissal of the author: not the subject matter but its direction is decisive. For Strindberg and D. H. Lawrence, for Goethe and Richard Dehmel, sex also presents the most baffling material—but only because it is, to them, the tempest ground of the blindly irrational and unappeasable. They are concerned with sex because ultimately they are concerned with the cosmos. Schnitzler's arraignment of the transitoriness and uncertainty of life ("The Green Cockatoo," "Paracelsus") arises fundamentally out of his difficulty in solving the sex issue; he questions the cosmos primarily because he is in doubt about sex. His situations continually revolve about artist life in Vienna—bachelor apartments, cafés, soft lights and hushed voices. To be sure, Schnitzler's Anatol is not merely "light-minded"; he is also "melancholic." A note of *Weltschmerz* (or is it *Ichschmerz?)* runs through the greater part of Austrian literature. It is a nervous sensitiveness induced partly by the uncertain political fate of a country composed of differing nationalities, a country that was thus in constant, imminent danger of dissolution. There is in Schnitzler, too, a sad undercurrent ("Dying," "Beatrice," "Therese"). With mature reflection, he came to realize the limitations of his city's *Lebensstil,* the emptiness and hypocrisy of its social patterns. Yet he rests satisfied with a mere statement of his doubts regarding the value of the moment, and is content with simply registering his perplexities as to the distinction between the real and the illusory ("Paracelsus"). His sadness is caused by a surface consideration of life's impermanence. His weariness and sense of futility are not preceded by a courageous search for enduring goods. His heroes, too, are passive creatures; they leave the arena before the gong is sounded.

Schnitzler's difficulties have sometimes been termed pre-war problems. Yet even that seems an overstatement. Are his themes characteristic of the pre-war world as sketched in "The World's Illusion" or "The Magic Mountain"? Is there anywhere in Schnitzler's work a consideration of social inequalities, as in Wassermann's novel? Are Schnitzler's characters aware of such problems as trouble the Settembrinis and the Naphtas? The profound upheavals since 1914 seem to have brought about no inner disturbances, no shift of interests. The World War was not, to Schnitzler, what it was to most writers, a Rubicon to be crossed. Even the revolutionary social changes that visited Vienna failed to ruffle the surface of Schnitzler's literary individualism. From "Fräulein Else" to "Therese," from "Light-o'-Love" to "The Wide Land," we have but nuances—subtle, delicate, entertaining—of one inconsequential theme. While Thomas Mann was outgrowing his flirtations with the Tonio Krögers and the Hanno Buddenbrooks, turning his powers toward "The Demands of the Day"; while Alfred Doeblin and even Hugo von Hofmannsthal were growing critical of their esthetic individualism, Schnitzler was concerned with "Therese": the problem of a governess who is too weak to say "no" because the men of her particular milieu do not expect it of her. It is significant that at the time of his death Schnitzler was revising "The Call of Life," a play in which a colonel sends a whole regiment of dragoons to certain death, simply because he does not know just which one of the officers has been carrying on with his wife—a play which ends with a little girl running out to pluck flowers in a field. . . .

Attempts have been made to show that there are unknown depths in Schnitzler; the trite and obvious "Sprüche und Bedenken" ought to serve as a warning. Attention is also called to his tinge of pessimism. A temper of despair deserves our admiration if it is reached through an earnest meeting with primary issues; Schnitzler's discontent arises out of the fact that lovers are generally not true to each other and that old age reduces man to impotence. It is Schnitzler who has woven that glamorous tale about Vienna's soft and caressing woods, its graceful and yielding women, its inviting carefree *Gemütlichkeit.* It is Schnitzler who has created the enticing Vienna myth that lives on in the movies. His work is the final charming embodiment of a culture, sweet, feminine and tired; it is the tactful expression of an age that is not unmourned. There is value in a closing chapter, well told.

"Flight into Darkness," the latest of Schnitzler's novels to be translated, has the same characteristics as his earlier works, the faultless construction, the skillful analysis. Once more we are in Vienna; once more there is *Liebelei;* there are even sad melodies "hauntingly reminiscent of Chopin." The story concerns an incorrigible hypochondriac suffering from persecution mania. In dealing with this individual, the author's purpose is not to shed light on the abnormality in question; it is rather to suggest the darkness, baffling all

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

analysis, in which "the disquieting complexity of individual cases" is hidden. This last of Schnitzler's novels is far from being the best; it is, indeed, a weak Danubian echo of Strindberg's "Inferno." HARRY SLOCHOWER.

Toward the Millennium

Culture and Education in America, by Harold Rugg. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 416 pages. $2.75.

IN THIS volume Mr. Rugg has attempted, he states, to formulate a prefatory approach to "a theory of life and education and a tentative program to meet the staggering problems of reconstruction." The book falls into six sections. The first states the problem of attacking social reconstruction through educational reconstruction. The second deals with the rise of industrialism and the machine age, under the dual influences of the experimental way of knowing and the Puritan way of life, in the achievement of what he denotes as The Great Technology. The next three sections are on the philosophy of the American mind, American culture and the artist, and the new social philosophy and the school. The last section is a proffered solution of the problem stated in the first.

This concluding section, which offers a specific program, contains, scattered through it, a secondary preface. The aim of the author and his associates for the past nine years "has been to achieve an outline of the chief attitudes, concepts and meanings, generalizations, objects of allegiance, desires and fears which govern individual behavior," on the basis of which to propound a program of educational reconstruction. This has resulted in the accumulation of a vast mass of basic objective materials and of deductions based on them. Thus far the approach was technological and scientific. But it appears that "For the great bulk of our social program the analysis of social activities would not suffice. For the basic insights and attitudes we must rely . . . upon the best human judgments we can find." And finally it develops that both investigations and conclusions "were oriented and planned, of course, in the light of my own personal philosophy and my view of social reconstruction."

In his diagnosis of American life and culture Mr. Rugg finds, as any honest observer must, extreme, chaotic and abysmal deficiencies. But he seems tacitly to share a prevailing idea that American culture is uniquely deficient, that its lack of "integration" (wearisomely iterated word) has no analogy elsewhere, that by taking thought it can overnight add a cubit to its stature; that, the way once pointed out, it can move in a few strides to the millennium. Thus, he declares, "'to educate,' therefore, means to provide an environment and experience that will develop *in every boy and girl in America* the traits of the cultured man. They must be such as to *guarantee maximum* all-round growth." And as part of the environment the normal teacher "must write, paint, sing, create," must be original in his creative work, and must find his standards "in his own inner vision." These desiderata are not presented as unattainable goals, as they so obviously are, but as immediate objectives. The author is continually citing and quoting Emerson. It was Emerson who said, "Why so hot, little man?"

It would be ungenerous to object, however, to the enthusiasm of Mr. Rugg or to the evidently excited zest with which he pursues his thesis. His attempt to draw an honest indictment of contemporary America is in harmony with the findings of America's most cogent critics, to whom he freely acknowledges his debt. But it is unfortunately clear that, in his enthusiasm, he has wrought too breathlessly and much too fast. He could not keep pace with his material or even accurately record his facts. Thus, within three pages devoted to some of the American writers, he states erroneously that the two parsons' sons, Holmes and Lowell, "were from well-to-do, propertied people," that Whittier was an "exponent of New England Puritan culture," that Emerson was a "brilliant graduate" of Harvard, and "pastor of several New England churches." His footnotes, rather temperamentally supplied or withheld, might better have been all withheld in the literary section, so many of them are inaccurate or wrong.

The inevitable result of so much error in one field leads to suspicion as to Mr. Rugg's factual reliability in other fields and reveals similar insecurity not only as to facts, but sometimes as to basic concepts in sociology, geography and philosophy.

Nine years seems a long time in the life of a maturing man; but nine evidently hurried years is not long enough to perfect "a program to meet the staggering problems of reconstruction." In his approach toward this program the author has wisely relied for much on "frontier thinkers" and "overview men." But, in his hasty formulation of his findings as to *their* findings, he should in the future also rely on masters in the various fields for critical revision of his manuscript—for facts, for interpretations, and for ruthless elimination of the blurred and clumsy idioms of pedagoguese. For the project itself is a fine one; a good deal of acumen and endless energy have been invested in it; and it deserves the utmost patience and exactness of execution. PERCY H. BOYNTON.

Poet's Progress

The Coming Forth by Day of Osiris Jones, by Conrad Aiken. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 44 pages. $2.

Preludes for Memnon, by Conrad Aiken. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 112 pages. $2.50.

SO MUCH has by now been written about Conrad Aiken that, as a preface to the consideration of his two new books, it should be necessary merely to summarize critical opinion of his previous work. He is a poet who, early in his career, discovered the mysteriousness of the mind, its multiplicity and its fathomless depth, and who has devoted himself to the exploitation of psychological phenomena. His principal weakness, as almost everyone agrees, is his diffuseness, his lack of control over his material, his willingness to drift on a sea of melody, to float hither and thither as the currents of associative imagery carry him. Some critics have found a considerable advance in "John Deth," the immediate predecessor of these two books. It is undeniably clearer in its organization, for it is held together by a single, comprehensive metaphor; but long passages testify to the self-surrender of the poet, and it represents a relative success rather than the complete conquest of a fault.

Much the same thing must, perhaps, be said of "Osiris Jones" and "Preludes for Memnon," but surely the advance Aiken has made in these two books is greater and more significant than that evinced in "John Deth." Both represent progress, but the progress is achieved by such different methods that we must first concern ourselves with them. "Stage Direction," the first section in "Osiris Jones," begins:

LICENSED TO UNE... ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is a shabby backdrop of bright stars:
one of the small interstices of time:
the worn out north star northward, and Orion
to westward spread in ruined light. Eastward,
the other stars disposed—or indisposed—
x-ward or y-ward, the sick sun inflamed;
and all his drunken planets growing pale.

This is the old Aiken. Note his adjectives: shabby, small, worn out, ruined, indisposed, sick, drunken, pale. He gets his effect, of course, but one feels that he could, to paraphrase Dr. Johnson, go on this way forever once he abandoned his mind to it. But his method will not permit that surrender. His aim is to tell the story of Osiris Jones, who is everyman, in a series of summaries. Various objects associated with Jones—clothes he has worn, rooms he has lived in, meeting places—comment upon him and finally, at his trial, they all testify against him—all except his books, symbolizing his consciousness, which speak on his behalf in the language used by the defendant in "The Book of the Dead." The method, for which Aiken's debt to Joyce is obvious, prevents any such diffuseness as we find in the earlier poems. But it also prevents the full communication of that sense of human complexity and cosmic mystery which the earlier work so persuasively imparts. The restraint, the discipline, that Aiken needs has been imposed from the outside. As a result, the method of "Osiris Jones" is more impressive than its substance, and the reader has an unpleasant feeling that there has been much ado about practically nothing. Aiken has achieved no inner discipline and has not that power to shape the reader's mood which has been his chief virtue in the past. It is significant that the very Joycean passage which ends the book rests on nothing more substantial than a vague nostalgia.

"Preludes for Memnon," on the other hand, indicates a genuine growth. It is true that some of the poems are in the familiar Aiken manner, but the best of the work has a kind of force that we have not felt before. The ideas are what we have come to expect: the terrifying depths of the mind, the irremediable isolation of the individual, the quest of the organism for death. In fact, the reader is prepared to experience that strange and hypnotic drift from image to image, when suddenly he finds himself held by a single line or a single phrase, a phrase that is complete and final. Whole poems, he soon discovers, have this firmer texture—the ninth prelude, for example, or the sixty-second. Even those poems on Aiken's often repeated themes—the twenty-ninth or the thirty-first—have a compactness and force that are as gratifying as they are unexpected.

Perhaps the very brevity of these poems forces Aiken to depend on intensification rather than elaboration; one remembers the excellence of the sonnets included with "John Deth." But perhaps he is simply weary of diffuseness and of the habits of thought of which diffuseness is a symptom. It may be that he is consciously seeking that mastery that he has hitherto made it a virtue to do without. He calls these poems, it will be noted, "Preludes for Memnon," poems dedicated out of darkness to the expected god of light. What kind of light Aiken hopes to find is not clearly indicated. There are some rather oratorical references to God, various introductions of religious symbolism and a good many allusions to the possibility of transcendent moments of insight and mastery. Obviously he has not clarified his views, and it is perhaps too much to hope that he ever will. Aiken is the end-product of a century and a half of the romantic tradition and two centuries of the disintegration of philosophical thought. Thus far he has moved in the line indicated by his poetic and intellectual heritage; whether he can turn the corner is a question. But at least he can try and, if "Preludes for Memnon" may be taken as evidence, profit by trying.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

Scant Tether

Perhaps Women, by Sherwood Anderson. New York: Horace Liveright. 144 pages. $2.

When more men worked in the fields, and when most of the goods we need to cover our nakedness against the cold, the houses we live in, were made by men's hands, men were different.

They believed more fully in the mystery of existence. That fact gave man a certain dignity. He was, at the same time, more sure of himself and more humble. Most of the modern assertiveness of man is due to fear.

My own notion is that men need this direct connection with nature in work. They need to touch materials with their hands. They need to form materials, need to make things with their own hands out of wood, clay, iron, etc. They need to own tools and handle tools.

Not doing it, not being permitted to do it, does something to men. They all know it. They hate to admit it, but it is true. Not being able to do it makes them less men. They become no good to women. They spoil things for women too.

I HOPE to be pardoned this somewhat long quotation. My excuse is that I think it takes in a good deal of what Mr. Anderson says in this latest book of his, a mixture of story, prose poem, and prose which is barely prose, on the theme of the human being and the machine. Mainly his points are that men are humiliated and crushed, bereft of their manhood, by the complexity and perfection of power-production machinery; while women are able to go among machines keeping their inner life untouched and regarding with contempt and amusement the males, who have succumbed.

The most confident men of the ancient world, if I read history aright, were persons who did not bother with any tools other than weapons, and who for the most part did not know how to make even these. That this habit of life unfitted them for the conquest of women is much more than doubtful. On the contrary, many of them were accustomed to amuse themselves, in their idle moments, by sowing noble seed in the most comely domestic gardens kept by persons who were adept at forming things "with their own hands out of wood, clay, iron, etc."

I take it, therefore, that the mere fact of being useless works no harm to the pride of a man; and I am convinced that the complexity and perfection of machines make no impression whatever on many useless men alive today. Furthermore, I am convinced, the most clever craftsman in any age, placed in a position of absolute dependence upon an employer, must acquire a feeling of helplessness as poignant as any that afflicts the most abject machine-tender of modern times. I dare to say that no expert workman of old England, once it was made plain that his ears might be cropped if he wandered, could compensate his impotence by reflecting upon his deftness of hand or sureness of eye.

As always, Mr. Anderson shows at his best in this book when he tells a story—"Loom Dance," for example. I

HOSTED BY TOUNZ.ORG ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

find his ruminations and questionings repetitive and boring. And when it comes to interpretation, he reveals that a tether of sex and the individual is a good deal too scant to permit one comprehensively to survey the social topography of our time and place. MURRAY GODWIN.

The Pathology of War

War, by Scott Nearing. New York: The Vanguard Press. 310 pages. $3.

HAS THE wave of war-book interest toppled and fallen? Upon the answer much may depend, for here is a landmark in war literature. Remarque, Tomlinson, Lawrence, Sassoon, Graves and Harrison have sown flint in the hearts of many. This might prove the steel.

The nature, origins and historical incidence of war occupy the first three-quarters of the book; the last part discusses what can be done about it. With a relentless scalpel Dr. Nearing lays bare, nerve by nerve and sinew by sinew, the organism of war. The dissection shows, he says, that throughout history it has resulted in the heaviest possible destruction of life and wealth regardless of method; that its purpose has always been to gain political control over economic advantages; that war-making is an essential characteristic of capitalism, since workers who are not paid a wage equal to their productivity cannot buy back all that they produce, and the consequent market-quest means rivalry, which culminates in the drawn sword; that the war machine is the chief expense and preoccupation of the civil state; that war was born with and has grown with civilization; and that so long as profit-makers exist, in control of rival states, they cannot help making war.

Examining the historic scope and incidence of wars, Dr. Nearing finds them occurring invariably in this cycle: (1) economic expansion in search of economic advantage, resulting in conflict between rivals for the same advantage; (2) political expansion seeking monopoly of economic advantage, resulting in political conflict between the civil states of the economic rivals; (3) military preparations, building up of anti-"enemy" propaganda, and the establishment of a "moral" issue; (4) actual war, either colonial (against a much weaker people) or imperial (against rivals for world domination).

In discussing what can be done about it, Dr. Nearing first attacks the idea that "war is human nature" by referring to the existence, proved by anthropological researches, of present and past happy, warless peoples. He then proceeds to argue that since the profit motive is the mainspring of war, a worldwide coöperative commonwealth must be substituted for the present nationalistic capitalist economies. His answer to the question whether empires can disarm is a comparison of the general increase in armaments since 1918 with the ten ineffectual "peace" or "arms-limitation" treaties signed since then. Recalling that the Social Democratic plan of international war-resistance broke down in 1914, Dr. Nearing contends that an active proletarian revolution is the only way to replace war-making with a warless coöperative commonwealth. He sees the next large-scale war as the opportunity for this change, since the masses, armed and mobilized, will be ready to strike.

Of course all this is Marxism, but although it is orthodox, it is not dogmatic. Dr. Nearing starts out by giving the facts and figures, instead of beginning with the assertion of a dogma which he later tries to justify. As a result, you feel that he is simply going over with you the data and the logic which originally forced him to Marxian conclusions. His is a schoolmaster's approach, and he will consequently light no fires in the public squares; but many may be led a long way toward communism by his careful marshaling of evidence.

Quite apart from its revolutionary thesis, this work will be a standard reference on war. The objectivity and thoroughness of its "historic parallels" and its brief yet masterly summary of the peace treaties since 1918 will be twin magnets for the student. Historians may feel that Dr. Nearing has not been particularly convincing in explaining away the wars which antedated capitalism; but a more obvious fault is his failure to answer the argument that a proletarian revolution is not needed to stamp out war because internationalization of capital will nullify national rivalry. Not that a careful thinker could not find the answer in this book; but to cement the syllogism the question should have been flatly raised and flatly answered.

WINCHELL TAYLOR.

Where the Blues Begin

Half a Loaf, by Grace Hegger Lewis. New York: Horace Liveright. $2.50.

ARS EST CELARE ARTEM, but life is, after all—Life. We may look to the realists, if we will, for the delineation of its sharper outlines, but it is to the others that we must turn—to those fantasts, the romantics, whose vision embraces the subtler substance of the emotions and whose understanding can pursue the essence of Truth through the purposeless vagaries of mere circumstance—if we would touch its finer meaning, would seize the, in a word (or two), imponderable consistence of Life itself. It is with these latter that Mrs. Lewis, in her first novel, aligns herself. With man, stark Man, as the warp and Woman the weft; with Marriage in our present capitalistic society as the loom on which her pattern is arrayed, she has woven a most delicate embroidery, eschewing fact for fantasy and replacing plausibility with the lacier texture of sheer nonsense. Whether this is intentional on her part, however, is at times a little doubtful.

Timothy Hale, the hero of the story, is a writer, but such a one as "the light that never was on sea or land" ne'er shone on. In fact, there seem at times to be a couple of Timothys, a careless Bohemian, a shrewd business man—maybe three—it's hard to keep track. The girl, Susan Brooke, is also endowed with a strange duality of character: she is at once a hoyden and a snob. She has an English accent, she is chill with social inferiors, such as the girls who work in the magazine office where she is employed. On the other hand: she buys a fish and carries it home with her, then, yielding a moment to the tomboy in her, throws it larkishly out the window of her apartment. It falls directly in front of a woman passing on the pavement below, who picks it up and hurries off with it. The fortunes of the fish, unhappily, are not inquired into further; instead, she marries him—that is, Susan marries Timothy Hale. "He'll be a best seller some day," is her tacit prophecy.

Somewhere in that odd emotional rectangle made by their two natures, the forces of disruption are already at work. Still, they can be happy for a time. He's thin, she's fat; but somehow, staggering, he manages to carry her over the threshold of the honeymoon cottage. Mrs. Lewis follows them in and reports with great fidelity the baby talk they indulge in, in their bedroom privacy. Then Baby comes; bickering begins, principally over such questions

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as whether one should say "sick," meaning "ill," or vice versa. Andrea takes her to Anzio; Otto falls in love with her in the Alps; Timothy goes about, drinking and kissing other girls—but are you following all this? At any rate, her prophecy comes true. His book becomes a best seller.

Their marriage and all their struggles together are rewarded in more than ample fashion when one day (they're in Washington, the book is out, clippings are coming in by the dozens) a letter arrives, written in an unfamiliar hand. Mrs. Lewis' style can convey the witchery of the scene far better than I:

> ". . . John Galsworthy!" [Timothy exclaims as he opens the letter]. They stared at each other. The room was very quiet.
>
> "He writes he picked up the book in a hotel and when he had finished he felt he must write me, though he did not know me. He says . . . "
>
> Susan was on her knees beside him and all the mail tumbled to the floor. They began to cry softly. "Susie darling. John Galsworthy!"

After such a triumph, their course must necessarily be downward. All the paraphernalia of success surrounds them: lecture engagements, interviews, window displays at Brentano's, a trip abroad. Money, however, does not bring happiness and, as their wealth increases, the rift between them widens. The end is—Divorce. This is, I believe, the first Mrs. Sinclair Lewis' first novel, and I understand that it was in part inspired by her first marriage.

But let us speak of the style, which is epic—so thoroughly epic, in fact, that not only the beginning of the book but even the beginning of each chapter plunges at once *in medias res* and then makes its way painfully back, like some strong swimmer caught in an undertow, to the solid ground of the narrative again. This trick of style is, I believe, Mrs. Lewis' own invention, and adds a *modernique* touch which does much to liven up the book, its effect being that the reader seldom knows where he is at.

ROBERT M. COATES.

Book Notes

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI, by Eleanor Walter Thomas. *New York: Columbia University Press. 229 pages. $3.*

This is a scholarly analysis of Christina Rossetti's life and work. In small compass the author has collected and digested all the pertinent material. The result shows that learning need be neither obscure nor dull.

A CARTOONIST'S PHILOSOPHY, by Percy Crosby. *McLean, Virginia: Percy Crosby. 252 pages. $2.*

In this book the creator of "Skippy" figures as an angry patriot who hears humanity calling him. He is angry, chiefly, with the Anti-Saloon League for putting over prohibition. He is angry because people do not seem to take him seriously when he, alone in Chicago, challenges the prohibition-spawned cohorts of gangdom to mortal combat. He is angry with the eight bright publishers who rejected this book, so that he had to print it himself. He is angry with the "venomous intellectuals" who have criticized other books of his. He writes, in brief, as an egoist of the wowser type, with all the classic symptoms, including a frantic hatred of other wowsers. The book is a hodge-podge of travel impressions, polemics against prohibition, autobiography and miscellaneous writing about religion, art and philosophy. There are some rather good anecdotes in the early chapters. In the chapter on art, Mr. Crosby forgives Da Vinci for being a bastard. The book contains enough sentiment to sweeten the Atlantic Ocean.

MY NORTHCLIFFE DIARY, by Tom Clarke. *New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 301 pages. $3.*

Lord Northcliffe's power was at its height during the War. He attacked Kitchener at the War Office. He said racing must be stopped, and it was. He said the "shell scandal" must be corrected by the formation of a Ministry, and the Munitions Ministry was formed under Lloyd George; he said there must be a national registry, and there was; he said cotton must be stopped from going to Germany; it was stopped. He said single men must go first and it was so. He demanded a smaller Cabinet for the prosecution of the war and a special War Council was set up. He demanded machine guns; Asquith went to France and agreed. He demanded compulsion and got it. . . . Tom Clarke was news editor of The Daily Mail. He knew the Chief intimately, his bludgeoning, personal tactics and his ruthless energy. Northcliffe was not a thinker, but he arrived at the results of thought without thought itself. With neither adulation nor hatred this extraordinary man and his tragic end are revealed. It is a remarkable book.

POETRY

DEATH OF THE GOD IN MEXICO, by James Feibleman. *New York: Horace Liveright. 90 pages. $2.*

James Feibleman's first book of poems discloses a conflict between a foreground superficially occidental-metropolitan and a cultural background unmistakably Hebrew. The title group of poems, religious and subjective in content, is far superior to others in which the author attempts to deal cynically and objectively with his surroundings. His ideas, often crudely expressed but never uninteresting, are cast in conventional verse forms. His language is harsh, undisciplined, and creates a general impression of natural force inextricably mixed with artificial attitudes: this mixture contains promise of an original vocabulary.

EDEN TREE, by Witter Bynner. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 111 pages. $2.50.*

In this book Witter Bynner continues the semi-autobiographical narrative of an earlier poem, "The New World." "Eden Tree" is the story of Adam-Christ-Buddha footloose in the modern world. Here we have sex (*vide* Lilith) and love (*vide* Eve). There are stopovers for a night in Georgia and Negro Harlem. Evil is epicene and universal. Whiskey, women, men, are very nearly Adam's undoing, but he survives at the close of the narrative, clean and strong. Lines such as these contribute to the speed of the poem:

> Like a nightingale
> That has sung
> With twenty throats.
> Sing, Lilith, sing,
> And bring
> Alive again a man who dies.

Mr. Bynner's use of rhymed free verse mal the progress of his story singularly uneven. It has the appearance of being carelessly written. All of this is rather unfortunate, for the poem is ambitious in plan, lively, colorful, and has genuine emotion behind it.

THE SONNETS OF FREDERICK GODDARD TUCKERMAN, edited with an introduction by Witter Bynner. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 158 pages. $2.50.*

Witter Bynner has done a fine thing in restoring to our attention the work of this first-rate poet who, though not without appreciation in his own day—his single volume went through three editions, the last in 1869—disappeared from sight in the post-war decadence of his time. His poems divide themselves into two groups. The first, which chiefly won contemporary appreciation, was in the manner of his time, inconsequential pastorals and lyrics, and narratives influenced by Tennyson and Wordsworth. This manner passed with the fashion that evoked it. The other, the work of his maturity, comprises one of the most interesting sonnet sequences in English literature. Its orientation is subjective. Its tone is sad, but with a relieving dignity. It is extraordinarily sensitive to the spectacles and events of Nature; and its

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

verbal music is of a very high order. It is this portion of Tuckerman's work that is reprinted in the present volume, though striking passages from the other poems are quoted in Mr. Bynner's introduction.

Public Questions

THE MASQUERADE OF MONOPOLY, by Frank Albert Fetter. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 464 pages. $3.75.*

In this spiritedly relentless book, Professor Fetter exposes the failure of our courts to see through the disguise which monopoly has been wearing to hide its true nature. That disguise is the basing-point delivered-price method, followed in practically every field of industrial combination in this country. It is exemplified by the Pittsburgh-plus plan, modified since 1924, according to which prices of steel products shipped from any mill in the United States are those charged for the same products at Pittsburgh, plus freight costs from Pittsburgh to the point of delivery. Again and again the author suggests that, were it not for the courts' failure to see and end this abuse, the present anti-trust laws would be an effective curb on monopoly. He does not prove, however, that competition enforced by government interference is more desirable for society than is monopoly effectively controlled in the public interest.

OL' RUM RIVER, by Colonel Ira L. Reeves. *Chicago: Thomas S. Rockwell Company. 383 pages. $2.50.*

Probably the most interesting feature of this volume by a former prohibition administrator of New Jersey is the information about the flying squadron from headquarters at Washington, which scuttles busily through district after district, making use of inside data from local headquarters to shake down local violators of the law. Learning that certain brewing permits are to be renewed shortly, these public servants scamper off to the unwitting permittees and exact fees ranging up to $20,000, which the latter, to be relieved of doubt, are often pleased to pay. Another interesting phase is the hostility displayed by the local police and civilian population toward federal officers. Colonel Reeves relates more than one incident in which the opposition of the local authorities effectually prevented the federal forces from carrying out their duties, and he also offers evidence indicating that the Coast Guard is rarely more than passive in its official operations against the runners of rum.

Contributors

Winifred Welles, author of "The Hesitant Heart" and "This Delicate Love," two books of verse, has contributed to various magazines in this country and abroad.

Stuart Chase, who has written several widely read and widely discussed volumes on the industrial civilization of this country, recently supplemented these volumes by a book on work and play in agrarian Mexico.

Harry Slochower, who was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship to study German literature in Europe, is an instructor in that language at Brooklyn College and a lecturer on Comparative Literature at the City College of New York.

Percy H. Boynton is professor of English at the University of Chicago and author of several works of criticism, the most recent being "The Rediscovery of the Frontier" and "The Challenge of Modern Criticism."

Granville Hicks, an assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, is at present preparing a volume on American literature since the Civil War.

Winchell Taylor has worked for the Fairchild Publications and the American Civil Liberties Union. At present he is on the editorial staff of The New Yorker.

Murray Godwin is doing free-lance writing in New York City.

Robert M. Coates, author of "The Eater of Darkness," a detective story without a moral, writes the "Books, Books, Books" page for The New Yorker.

Sun Yat Sen

By HENRY BOND RESTARICK

A fascinating book on the founder of the Republic of China, based on hitherto unpublished facts supplied by his friends. *"Sun Yat Sen, Liberator of China* adds much to the record of the early days of that mysterious man who is almost worshiped in China today." *Lewis Gannett in the New York Herald Tribune.* $2.50

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS NEW HAVEN, CONN.

WE HELP YOU TO

Own Your Own

Public Utilities and Make Them Pay

This service is available to any individual, organization or MUNICIPALITY upon the simplest and easiest possible terms. All that is asked is that those who use it shall contribute their share towards keeping it up, as follows: Individual memberships, $5.00 per year; contributing memberships, $10.00 and upward per year; Muncipal or Utility Memberships, $25.00 and upwards per year. Descriptive booklets, samples of literature, magazine, etc., free. JOIN AT ONCE.

The Public Ownership League of America
127 North Dearborn Street, Suite 1439
CHICAGO, ILL.

Merchant Venturers In Bronze

By HAROLD PEAKE and HERBERT J. FLEURE

Volume Seven in "The Corridors of Time," a series of eight clearly written little books telling the story of man from his emergence in the dim past to about 800 B. C. Warmly recommended by Dr. Ales Hrdlicka as "the best of the more recent publications" on the Science of Man. The present volume covers the period from 1600 to 1200 B. C. Illustrated, $2.00

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS NEW HAVEN, CONN.

RAND SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE

7 East 15th Street ALg. 4-3094

LEWIS MUMFORD
author "The Story of Utopias"
will speak on
"HUMAN LIFE IN A PLANNED SOCIETY"
Monday, Nov. 23, 8:30 p. m.

MARC CONNELLY
author of "Green Pastures"
will speak on
"THE THEATRE—TEMPERATURE NORMAL"
Thursday, Nov. 19, 8:30 p. m.

Admission 50c
Write, phone or call for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LECTURES

The Institute of Arts and Sciences

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

CRIME IN MODERN SOCIETY

A Series of Lectures on the Problem of Crime

RAYMOND MOLEY
Professor of Public Law, Columbia University
Special Advisor to Magistrate Seabury
November 24 — The Market for Crime

FREDERIC M. THRASHER
Author of "Gang Life in Great Cities"
December 1 — Gangs at Work

GARDNER MURPHY
Professor of Psychology, Columbia University
December 8 — Is There a Criminal Type?

LEWIS E. LAWES
Warden of Sing Sing
December 15 — Crime and Punishment

McMillin Theater, Broadway at 116th Street, evenings at 8:15. Members Annual Ticket admits—single admission $1.00; series admission (4) $3.00.

YOU ARE INVITED TO BECOME A MEMBER

DEBATE

PROLETARIAN DICTATORSHIP **IS** THE ROAD TO FREEDOM

NO—BERTRAND RUSSELL— *Philosopher and Scientist*
YES—JAY LOVESTONE— *Editor, Revolutionary Age*

DEBATE—Friday, November 27th, 8 P. M.
CENTRAL OPERA HOUSE—67th St. and 3rd Ave.
TICKETS from New Workers School—63 Madison Ave. $2.00 — $1.50 — $1.00 — 75 cents.

THEATERS

THE THEATRE GUILD presents EUGENE O'NEILL'S Trilogy

Mourning Becomes Electra

Composed of 3 plays
"Homecoming," "The Hunted," "The Haunted."
All 3 plays are presented on the same day, commencing at 5:15 sharp. Dinner intermission of one hour at 7:00. No matinee performances.
PRICES: Orch and Mezzanine, $6 (includes Balcony, $5, $4, $3 and $2 3 plays.)
GUILD THEATRE, 52nd Street, West of Broadway

THE GROUP THEATRE PRESENTS

THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY

By PAUL GREEN
UNDER the AUSPICES of the THEATRE GUILD
"An adult play, luminously acted by a talented company."—Percy Hammond, Tribue. Telephone: Penn. 6-6100
MARTIN BECK Theatre, 45th St. & 8th Ave.
Evenings and Sat. Mat., 50c to $2.50. Thurs. Mat., 50c to $2.

"Represents the American Theatre at its best."—*Atkinson, N. Y. Times.*

THE LEFT BANK

By ELMER RICE
"A better play than 'Street Scene.' "—*Ruhl, Herald-Tribune.*
LITTLE THEATRE, — West 44th Street — Evenings, 8:50; Best Seats, $3.00. | Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40 $1, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50

LECTURES

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

Program—Nov. 13-19. At Cooper Union, 8th Street and Astor Place, at 8 o'clock. Admission Free.

Friday, Nov. 13
PROFESSOR WM. P. MONTAGUE
"What the Einstein Theory Means to Us: The General Theory of Relativity."

Sunday, Nov. 15
CLIFTON FADIMAN
"What We Read and Why."

Tuesday, Nov. 17
DR. HENRY J. FRY
"The Embryology of Man."

MUHLENBERG BRANCH LIBRARY
209 West 23rd St., at 8:30 o'clock.

Thursday, Nov. 19
PROFESSOR E. G. SPAULDING
"Space, Time, Atoms and Motion."

MAGAZINES

JUST IN TIME TO SUBSCRIBE FOR THE SOVIET PERIODICALS FOR 1932.

"PRAVDA," "IZVESTIA," "ECONOMICHESKAYA SHISN," "ZA INDUSTRIALIZATSIYU," $10.00 each yearly.

"U.S.S.R. IN CONSTRUCTION" (Illustrated magazine in English), $5.00 yearly. "QUARTERLY REVIEW" (In English), published by the U.S.S.R. Chamber of Commerce. $2.00 yearly. "MOSCOW NEWS" (in English), newspaper of the American Engineers and Technicians in the U.S.S.R., $3.00 yearly. "ECONOMIC REVIEW OF THE SOVIET UNION" (in English), semi-monthly survey of Soviet Economics and Trade between U. S. A. and U.S.S.R., $3.00.

FOR OTHER PERIODICALS, SOVIET LITERATURE, MUSIC, MAPS, ETC., SEND FOR CATALOGUE

Amkniga Corporation,

258 Fifth Avenue New York

PROFESSOR WANTED

University of London—The Senate invite applications for the Stevenson Chair of International History tenable at the London School of Economics. Salary £1,000 a year. Applications (12 copies) must be received not later than first post on Jan. 8, 1932, by the Academic Registrar, University of London, S. W. 7., from who further particulars may be obtained.

FARMS FOR SALE

There will be fewer.
There can't be any more.
It takes one hundred and fifty years to make one.

THE STONE HOUSE SPECIALIST offers the whole top of a hill in the Berkshires of New Jersey. With a fine old house, including spiral stairs, fireplaces, springhouse, wood and everything. Including miles of the Musconnetcong River for a view. $7,500—that's all. Lockbox C, Glen Gardner, N. J.

FOR SALE OR RENT

New Canaan, Conn.: 7-room Cape Cod house, newly finished; oil burner heating plant, electricity, 3 baths, 4 fireplaces; stone terrace, two-car garage. 3 acres of land. About hour to New York. Phone: ALgonquin 4-9183.

FOR RENT

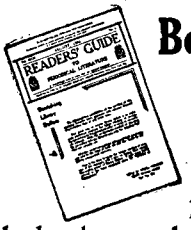
A snug stone cottage tucked in the Ramapo Hills; four rooms, enclosed porch and built in garage. All modern conveniences, communting one hour; fire place wood free. In private woods, privilege of tennis court and swimming pool. Tel. Suffern 1178; New York, Stuy. 9-6434. Ralph Borsodi, Suffern, N. Y.

HOME FOR CHILDREN

Cultured French lady, with 4-year-old daughter, will take young children in comfortable home, beautiful country, opportunity for French and music. Excellent references. Madame Chavanon, Croton on Hudson, N. Y.

GENERAL

REAL HARRIS TWEED
The aristocrat of all outdoor wear —direct from makers. Samples free. Suit-lengths by mail. Carriage Paid.
JAMES St. TWEED DEPOT
159 Stornoway, Scotland.



Be Your Own Readers' Adviser!

Better than anybody else you know the subjects about which you would like or need to read.

Regardless of whether the subject has to do with business, religion, sport, children, a hobby or other personal interest, new and helpful material about it is always easy to find.

To locate the best articles upon any subject or to find stories by your favorite authors, consult the READERS' GUIDE TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE in your nearest Public, College or School library. It is a monthly index to the contents of 116 general magazines, including

NEW REPUBLIC

The librarian will be glad to show you how easy it is to use.

The library will probably have just the magazines you wish, new or old. If not, we can supply them promptly and reasonably.

Periodicals Department
THE H. W. WILSON COMPANY
Compilers and publishers of indexes to periodicals.
950-972 University Ave., New York

THE REBEL POET

Not for contented cows! Bitter, fist-shaking poems by the world's foremost proletarian poets. Translations. Reviews. News. 10c Copy. $1.00 year. Jack Conroy, Editor, Moberly, Mo. R4.

LICENSED FOR PERSONAL USE ONLY
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED